

Men

TRUE .. ADVENTURE .. EXPOSÉ

JAN • 25c

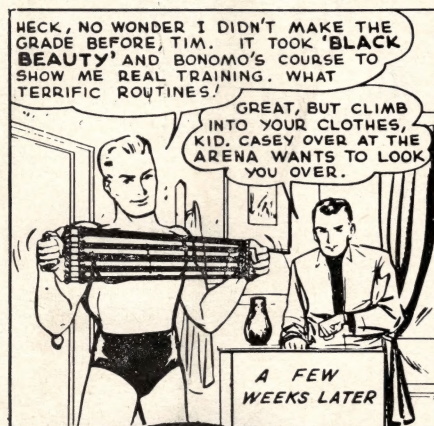
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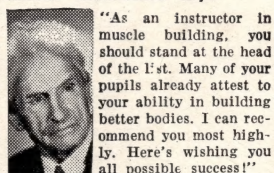
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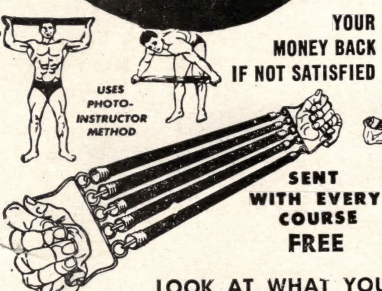
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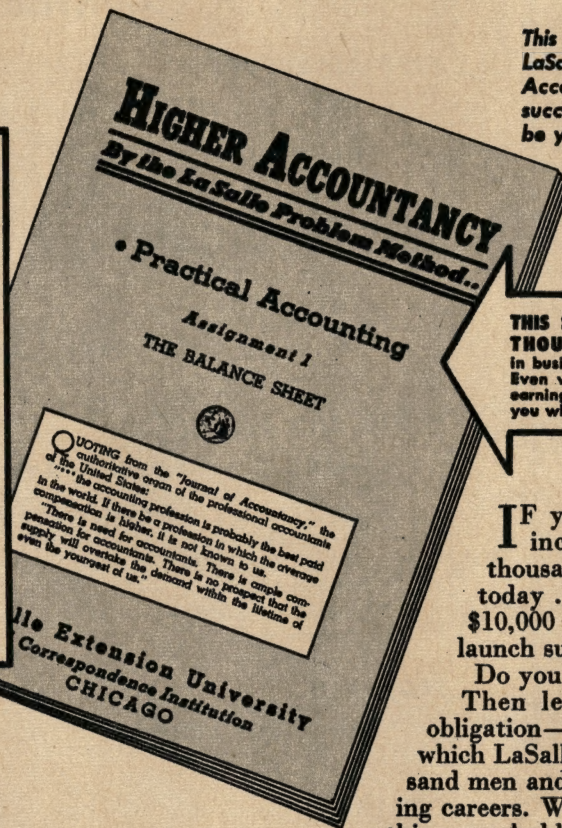
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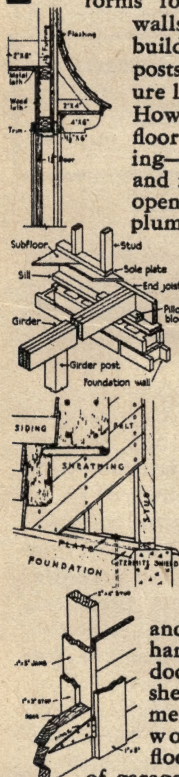


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Men

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VOL. 2, NO. 1

JANUARY, 1953

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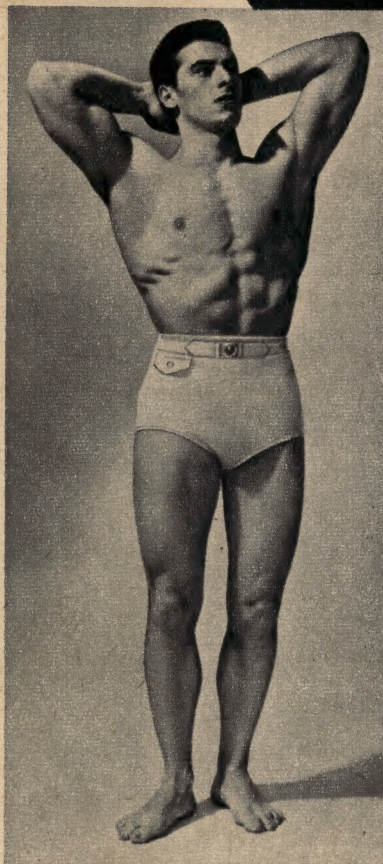
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My Cargo Rattled

In their battle against
a plane full of snakes, the pilot and
passenger put on the greatest air show ever seen.

by **JOE DURHAM**
as told to **Wayne D. Mote**

... to other people. But for Irwin and me it wasn't funny, not one damned bit! There were a dozen times when I was so close to death I could smell it and feel it. However, I suppose when you haul a cargo of live rattlesnakes in an airplane you can expect anything.

The situation was just right for something crazy to happen. I had never hunted rattlesnakes and Irwin had never been in an airplane. Besides, it was one of those kinds of days when nothing goes right. I had been making blunders all day and with each one I cursed myself for not having stayed in bed.

It was only a few days before the annual "Rattlesnake Roundup," sponsored each mid-April by the International Association of Rattlesnake Hunters, in my home town of Okeene, Oklahoma. Holding a rattlesnake hunt for several thousand sportsmen requires lots of work and preparation, and all of us local Jaycees were doing our bit. Irwin and I were given the job of mapping out the best areas in which to hunt rattlers, so the sportsmen who came from all over the country could make plenty of good catches.

The roads were muddy from heavy rains, so we decided to fly out to Salt Creek Canyon, the hunting grounds. When

●● People laugh when they hear what happened to L. V. Irwin and me during our first plane ride together. Maybe it is funny

we got to the hangar, we found there was only one plane available. It was a 10-year-old home-made crate, a Stewart biplane with a 90-horse Gypsy engine. Irwin, a rather courageous chap, crawled into the forward cockpit and said, "Let's go." I cranked up the prop and we took off.

I expected the old crate to fall apart in the air, but we made it to Salt Creek Canyon. I set her down in a road on the Cargill Ranch. Gathering up our gear, we struck out for the canyon, a mile away. We found several dens where rattlers were holed up and made notations on our maps. It was still early spring and the snakes hadn't yet drifted away from their places of hibernation. We went down to the bottom of the canyon, charting as we went.

Irwin, a practical joker as well as a seasoned rattlesnake hunter, made life miserable for me with a hand buzzer he carried. Every time he caught me not looking, he would touch me with the gadget, which sounded like the warning buzz of a rattler. It was nerve wracking for a guy on his first snake-hunt. I decided to even the score with him when I got him in the plane again.

We climbed to the rim rock, crossed over to Ruby Canyon, and walked down to the creek at the bottom. Suddenly, Irwin jumped back and yelled. He had almost stepped on a six-and-a-half-foot diamond back that had been camouflaged against the dark rocks. Gathered around the big one were 10 small rattlers, each about four feet long. We had found Big Mama and her family. Many (Continued on page 54)

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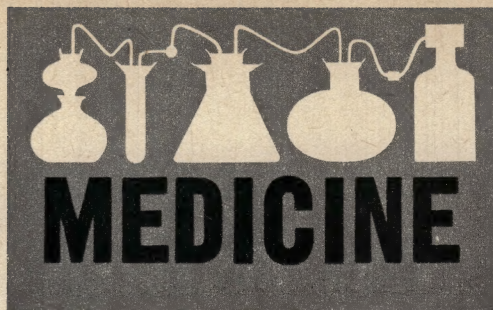
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and



by Ken M. Armstrong

BLOOD PRESSURE OPTIMISM—

So-called "blood pressure neurotics," fearful of imminent death, should be cheered by news from Boston that men with most types of high blood pressure may live a long and useful life. Doctors observing 100 cases of hypertension over periods of 12 to 34 years found that almost half are in "good" condition, 19 in a "fair" state of health and only five in "poor" condition. The remainder died from complications which usually develop late in the disease.



GUN-CLEANER POISONING—For some time the Navy had been using carbon tetrachloride for cleaning guns. Recently an epidemic of acute carbon tetrachloride



poisoning broke out at the Naval Receiving Station in Washington, D. C. About 50 men came down with symptoms ranging from nausea and giddiness to vomiting, dark urine, diarrhea and nervous tension. Six men spent 54 days on the sick list. The night before, most of the men had been drinking heavily (many had hangovers) and medics say this helped the poisoning develop. Study of the cases showed that exposure to concentrated fumes for three hours is enough to cause serious kidney and liver damage. Obvious conclusion of the navy medics was that "the use of carbon tetrachloride by naval personnel should be discontinued."



HOW TO ATTACK ASTHMA—It isn't true that long-standing chronic asthma is an incurable disease that a man must learn to live with, contends a Springfield, Mass., specialist. Proper treatment,

he says, should come in two phases: First, relief of symptoms through medicines such as ephedrine, adrenalin and aminophylline; in emergencies, cortisone. Then the patient should go back to his doctor for a search of the origin of his asthma. Do attacks come oftener in winter or summer? Is it worse indoors or outdoors? In damp weather or dry? If it's worse outdoors in dry weather, pollens may be the cause. If damp weather brings on symptoms, moulds may be guilty. Or the culprit may be a focus of infection in teeth, sinuses or elsewhere. With the origin revealed, proper course of treatment can then be planned intelligently.



BURSITIS BOON—Widely common among men, bursitis is an inflammation of the bursa, a small sac secreting fluid which acts as lubricant to a joint such as knee or shoulder. The condition can be terrifically painful. Latest cure for it is ACTH and only four shots were needed—two the first day and one each on the next two days.



HELP FOR HICCUPS—If you've got hiccups, some of the simple "home" remedies work perfectly in most instances, a couple of Boston doctors report. Blowing into a paper bag or holding the breath as long as possible will saturate the body with carbon dioxide gas and thus stimulate the brain's respiratory nerve center. Another trick, which doctors can't explain, is



placing pressure on closed eyelids for a few minutes. If the hiccups become prolonged and possibly dangerous, your doctor may have to crush the phrenic nerve which connects the brain and diaphragm, where the spasm produced hiccups.

PLASTIC SPRAY FOR BURNS—

Come the A-bomb war, 65 to 85 percent of all casualties from atomic explosions will have burn injuries. In continual research on the best treatment, an aeromedical laboratory at an Ohio air force base has come up with a brand new technic involving a sprayable plastic. The conventional ointment-gauze pressure



dressing is bulky, requires periodic re-sterilization, is poorly adapted to some parts of the body and has many other disadvantages. The new peelable plastic, dispensed from an aerosol bomb or spray gun, is adhesive, elastic, transparent, rapid-drying, film-forming and overcomes most of the difficulties of standard burn dressings. First tests were with hogs and results were excellent. Compared with the usual burn dressing which requires a doctor, nurse, 120 yards of bandage and at least an hour's time, the plastic-spray dressing needs only two medical corpsmen, four aerosol bombs and takes only five minutes to apply.



TALKING WITHOUT LARYNX—

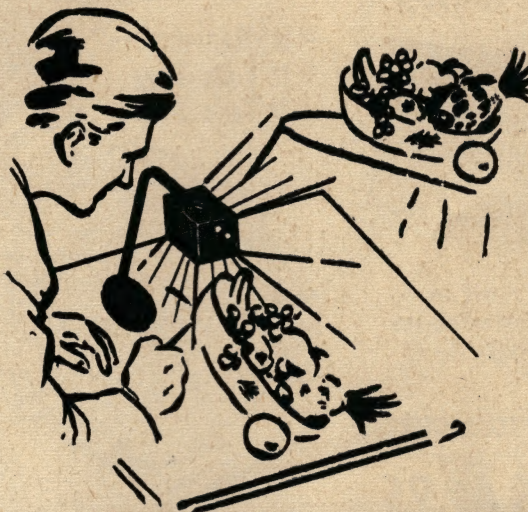
An ever increasing number of people with cancer of the larynx are having their voice organ removed because surgical techniques now assure over 50 percent cures and many attain normal life expectancy. Moreover, reports a Miami surgeon, new methods of rehabilitation enable nearly all patients to acquire a natural form of speech. Instead of using an artificial larynx, patients are now taught to speak by swallowing air and "burping"—using the diaphragm, esophagus and other organs to produce sounds. A month of such training and the patient can usually talk "quite well." Eventually no one can tell that patient has lost his larynx. ●

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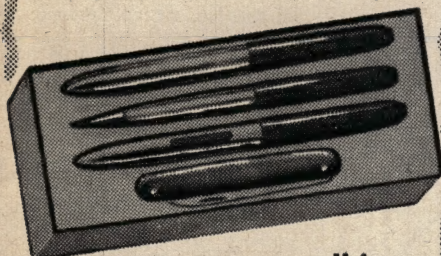
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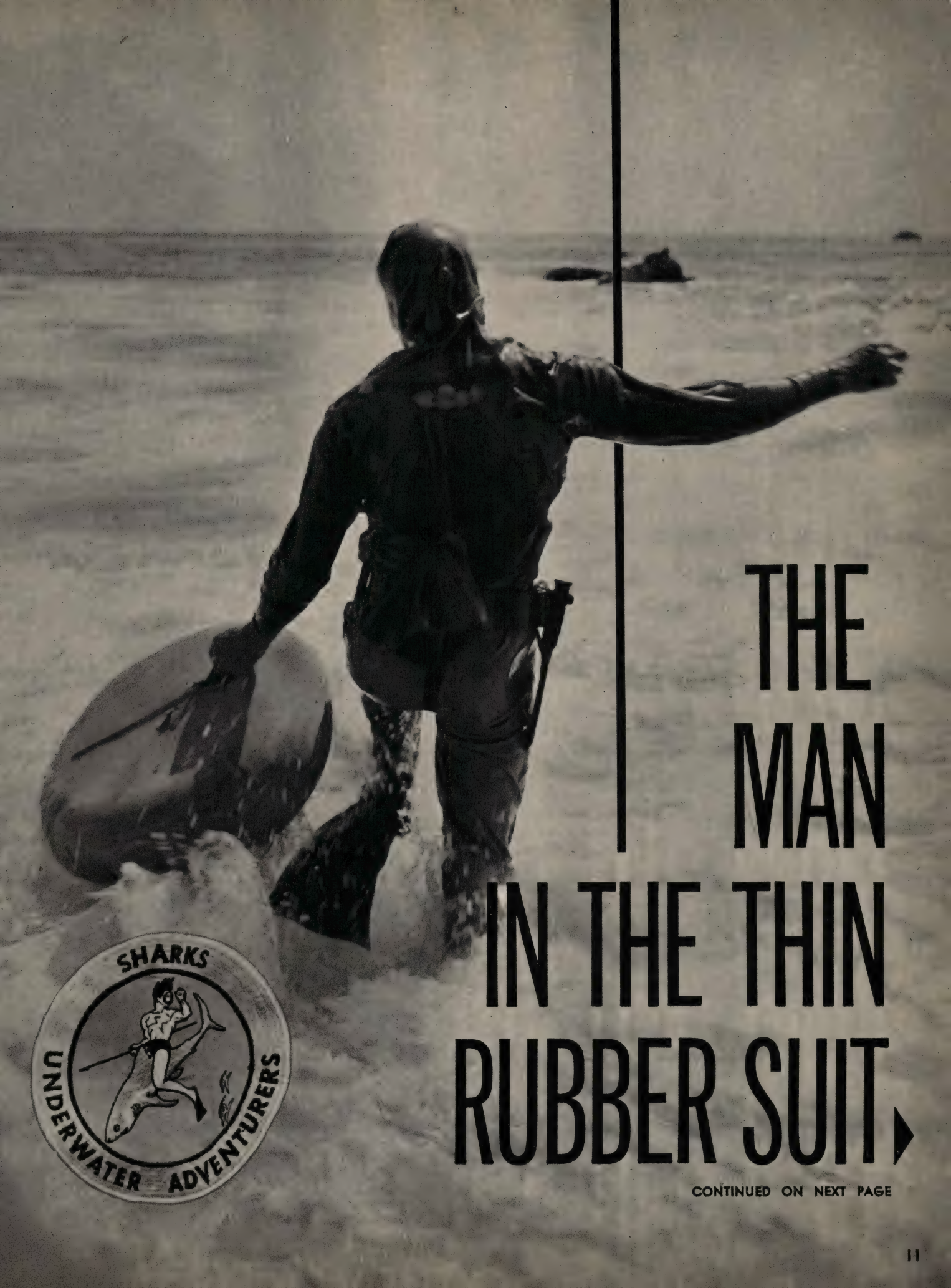
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THE MAN IN THE THIN RUBBER SUIT



CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

SOME men fish with a rod and reel, content to sit it out in a boat or on a river bank and have the fish come to them. But in California a group of sportsmen meet their prey on its home ground, the depths of the Pacific, with spears. On the South Sea Islands, where it was born, spear fishing is known as "skin fishing," because the participants wear little else. But American spear fishermen look like something dreamed up by H. G. Wells, wearing specially designed rubber suits and equipped with harpoons, spear guns, periscopes and canvas-covered floats. In the A.A.U. championship meet at Laguna Beach, the entries—three-man teams from organized clubs—swam for hours in extremely cold water, staying under for long stretches at a time without the help of any artificial breathing apparatus. They dodged rocks, battled tricky currents and tides and took after any "game" that swam their way—including sharks. No catch under six inches could be turned in for weighing, and total poundage of edible fish speared determined the winning team.

A spear man takes it easy between dives, rests on canvas-covered inner tube.

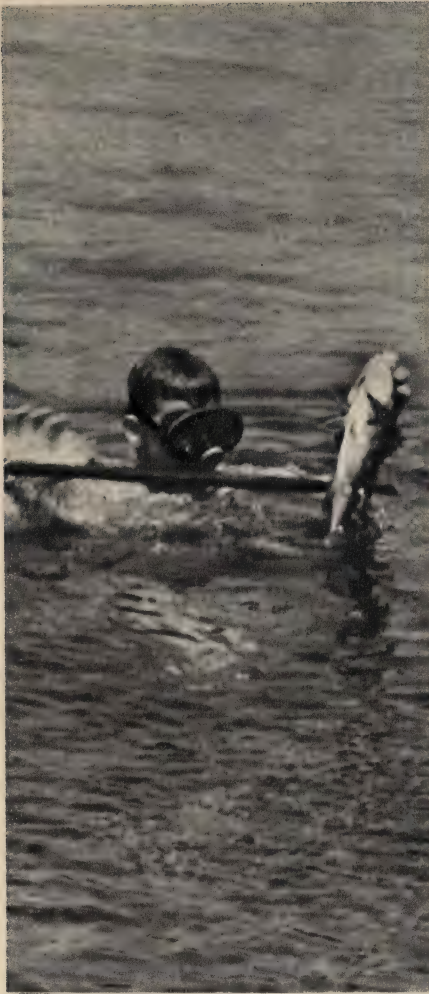


Still hunting for that elusive big one, this diver gets ready to go down again.



Disappointed hunter resurfaces after unsuccessful try at spearing his game.





Diver checks his catch to see if it fills all the A.A.U. contest requirements.



It was a hard fight, but Bill Hazen won, and brought up 15-pound sheephead.



Biggest single catch, a 28-pound angel shark, won Dan LeMay special award.

Long intervals underwater exhausted the divers. Many had to be helped from the surf at end of the four-hour contest periods.



EARTHQUAKE



While they clung to the heaving mountain, wondering if the world was coming to an end, a town was being ripped apart at the seams.

**by HENRY J. BEGLINGER
as told to David Martin**

●● A big earthquake sticks in your mind like a cancer. You never forget it. And there's some part of you ever af-

ter that's always uneasy and awake and waiting.

I think I'm the only man in the United States who has ever been right smack on top of an earthquake as big as the one that tossed Southern California in the early dawn of July 21, 1952. An earthquake has a center, a starting point for all the shock waves, and where my sleeping bag was spread on Bear Mountain scientists say was the dead center. A first row, center aisle seat when the curtain went up on hell.

I saw a hole open up in the ground 600 yards long, a yard wide and six feet deep. I clung to the surface of the earth when it was shaking like a giant in an epileptic fit. I saw a passenger train escape entombment by a matter of minutes.

I lived when 12 other people died.

In 40 years of living I've been in battle, in a ship wreck and in auto wrecks that cut up and killed people, but I've never felt anything like the stark terror that comes with a bad earthquake.

It's as close to the end of the world as any of us will ever know. A couple of minutes when you know it's possible for God to end the world as easily as He made it. Religious? Sure. Nobody reads comic books in an earthquake. Not when you're being tossed around like an ant tumbling in a cement mixer.

I always had a hankering to try a little camping trip out in the Tehachapi Mountains, just south of Bakersfield. The Tehachapis aren't rightly mountains, like the Rockies or the High Sierras. More like an endless heap of velvet-smooth ice cream balls blocking Los Angeles county from the rest of the world. No big rivers cutting roads and trails through. Just mountain after mountain, drowsy, quiet—like a woman sleeping with a gun by her side, waiting for a lover who's gone sour on her. *(Continued on page 56)*

The Army had to rush out guards to prevent possible looting of the buildings smashed by the earthquake.



While we were battling for a toe-hold on the mountain, the little town of Tehachapi was being blasted open by an unending series of tremors. Total damage: 100 injured, 12 dead, 15 private homes and 31 places of business totally wiped out.



ABERDEEN: Wine,

Once the lumberjacks and fishermen hit town, their jeans bulging with cash, the place lights up like the giant Christmas tree at Radio City.

by **HOYT McAFEE**

● ● Aberdeen, Washington, a fishing and logging community of 20,000 souls, cer-

tainly qualifies as a "little New Orleans." It has a spirit of wild and carefree abandon. It likes gambling, the pleasures of the flesh, and it refuses to be reformed or "fenced in."

In recent years, three or four attempts have been made to put the bit in Aberdeen's mouth and "tame" it down. But like a wily and rebellious mustang, accustomed to wild freedom and the wide open spaces, the town has always shaken free and gone back to its old stomping ground—meaning, back to its lust for a drink, a dame and a game of chance.

Washington State Senator Albert Rosellini, head of a roving legislative crime investigating committee, was the latest to "take on" Aberdeen. With all the flourish of rolling drums, he swept down on this dynamic community of free-swinging lumberjacks and fishermen bent on dry-

ing up the cesspools of vice and sounding the death-knell of sin in Aberdeen.

He succeeded in doing this much: In ruffling the feathers of Aberdeen police and many leading citizens of the community; in causing three houses of prostitution to close down, temporarily; in making hotel and tavern prostitutes watch their step, temporarily; and in driving the gamblers to cover, temporarily. Then Rosellini abandoned Aberdeen and moved on to other strongholds of vice in Washington State.

I landed in Aberdeen shortly after the crusading state senator had applied the "clean-up" brush to that community. Well, it was like this: Rosellini had caused the vice peddlers a temporary inconvenience. It was as though they had confessed their sins, promised to behave in the future—and then had promptly forgotten their promise. For, as I quickly observed, several forms of gambling were going on, the prostitutes were operating openly in the hotels, taverns and rooming houses, and sin, generally, was back at the same old stand—doing a bumper business as in the past.

But all those who've investigated Aberdeen, and who are intimately familiar with its vice picture, agree on these points: It has no central, or over-all, vice lord; no charges of corruption have been leveled against the city administration or the police. There's no evidence whatever, anywhere along the line, that any official in Aberdeen has been bought off or is raking in a pay-off from gambling



Tavern "play girls," unlike the B-girls of big metropolitan cities, are not out to "roll" customers.

Women and Wampum

prostitution, a common practice in too many cities. Moreover, I learned that pimps are virtually nonexistent in Aberdeen, and Madams are scarcer than the clo, which means that the hotel, tavern, and rooming-house prostitutes make their own contacts, build up their trade and hang on to all the profits themselves. The other note: The town is singularly and refreshingly free of homosexuals.

As one tavern-proprietor expressed it: "Our sins here in Aberdeen are the plain, old-fashioned kind. No fancy, big-city trimmings. No detours. And no racketeers collecting tribute from us."

In conversations I held with other Aberdeen people, I listened to expressions in a similar vein. That Aberdeen is long been accustomed to whooping it up. That everyone concerned thinks a free-wheeling, wide-open set-up reacts to Aberdeen's profit. Simply because the loggers and fishermen, who are the economic backbone of the community, want it that way.

A café owner told me: "Every time the loggers get the upper hand in this town and close it down for a period, the loggers and fishermen go somewhere else, have their fun, and spend their money. So, business here in Aberdeen takes a nose-dive and the town suffers a lot."

One hotel (Continued on page 72)

payday loggers, armed with plenty of cash, hole-up in hotel rooms and rooming-houses for all-night, all-weekend poker and blackjack sessions.



No burlesque shows appear in Aberdeen, but girls are hired to "take-it-off" at local stag parties.

by **PAT MICHAELS**

●● This is the story of 30 minutes—30 long, terrible minutes that began on a clear summer afternoon, when the bright Korean sun burned down on Hill 697 and set magic fire to the acres of rusting “C” ration cans that littered the blackened, napalmed slope.

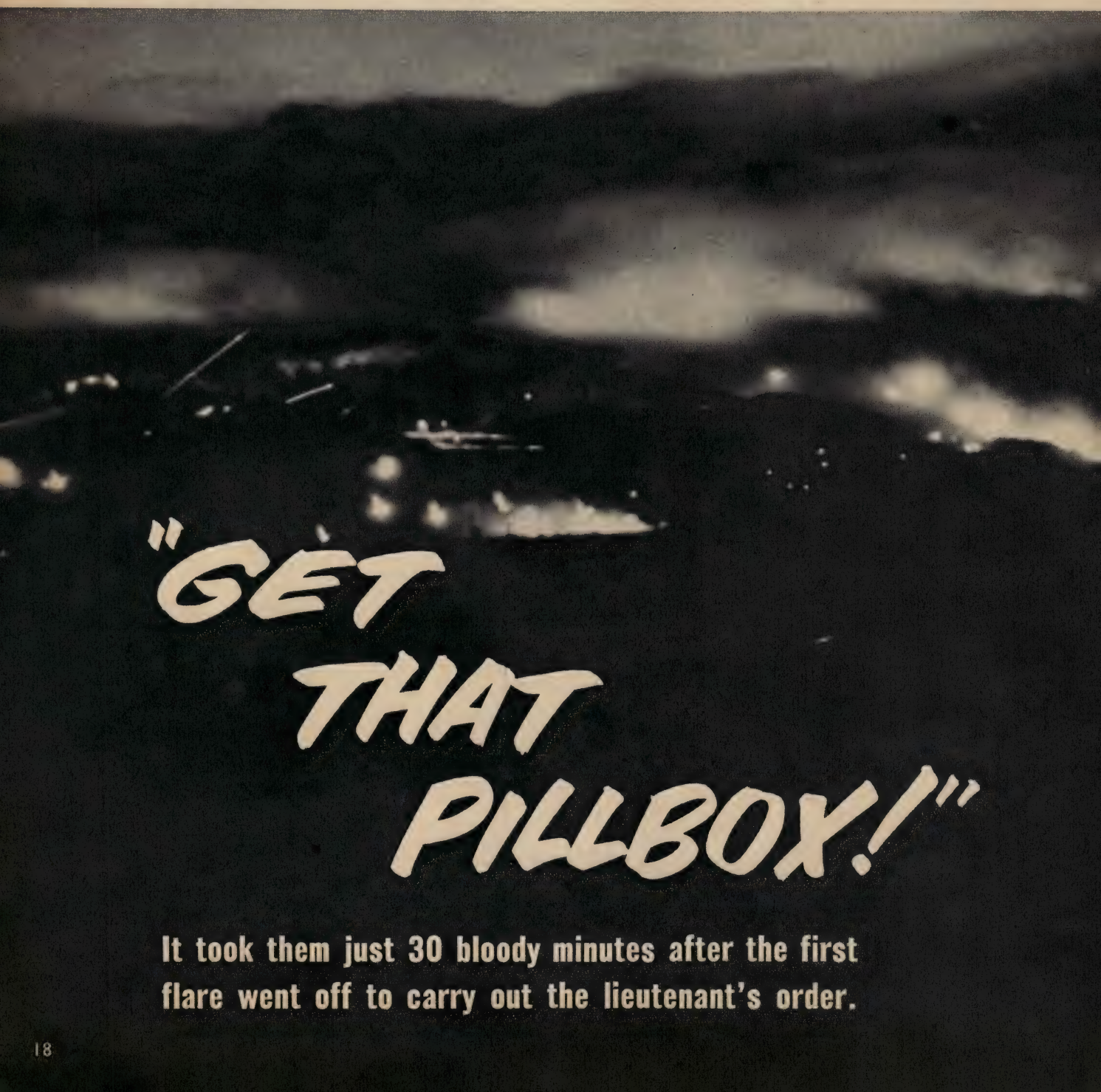
The minutes started when Lieutenant Robert Gordon of Portland, Oregon, pointed toward a fortress-like construction of tree trunks and woven sandbags that loomed ominously from the crest of “697” and told his squad leader, Corporal Lawrence (Larry) O’Crane of Boston, Massachusetts, “Get that pillbox!”

The hill was elevation, and all along the Second Division’s line, the GI’s were breaking their necks to get height with which to overlook the Reds; “697” was height—697 feet of height that commanded a shallow, gutted valley

where once a six-hut Korean settlement had nestled peacefully, like a picture out of a book. But now, when the men scaled the hill—if they could get past the pillbox—they would find a shell-pocked, naked valley charging north across the rotted plain toward another hill that would have to be taken someday, too.

The Fourth Platoon had been assigned to take “697” and its massive neighbor to the right, Hill 943. Throughout the long morning, Lieutenant Gordon had reconnoitered both hills, peering at them intently through his binoculars until his eyes burned with the strain. Finally he had decided, and just like the generals back at Corps or Eighth Army, he’d formed his plan of attack.

The bigger hill was studded with machine gun emplacements, and the ugly snouts of anti-tank weapons, that could rip his platoon apart, peered from the lips of foxholes. “697,” on the other hand, was squat and barren,



**"GET
THAT
PILLBOX!"**

It took them just 30 bloody minutes after the first flare went off to carry out the lieutenant's order.



Carson lobbed two grenades into the pillbox. Flames poured out of the ports with streams of smoke and white-phosphorus.

with only the ominous fortress brooding down on his men, its dark ports staring blankly into the short valley on our side of the hill.

"We'll send you and O'Crane's squad up 697," the Lieutenant told me, "and I'll take the rest of the platoon up 943." He smiled an apologetic grin and said, "Correspondents are a liability on deals like these and I'd rather not take the responsibility. But it's your neck." Then he turned and walked over to O'Crane and told him to go up and get the pillbox.

We waited at the foot of the hill crouched down behind a mound of dirt, nervously smoking a last cigarette. Young, 17-year-old Pfc. William Piersall of Pittsburgh, busied himself with mixing a cup of "C" ration chocolate. Bearded, tired-looking Pfc. James Robbins of Seattle, hastily scribbled a note to his wife, balancing his mess kit desk precariously on his knees. Corporal O'Crane, a tall, rangy, red-head, screwed up his freckled face and squinted through a pair of binoculars that were aimed toward the pillbox on the crest. "It looks quiet as hell," he said to no one in particular. "But you can never tell about the Reds. You sure as hell never can tell."

"I hope there are some up there," said Piersall, glancing up from his chocolate. "I want to get a burp gun for my kid brother. He'd flip if I sent him a burp gun."

Stocky, New York-born Pfc. Max Lupinski, a begrimed, pessimistic type who was daubing at the breech of his Browning Automatic rifle with a silky, oil-coated paint brush, looked up at the youngster and spat, "Kee-ryst! Every replacement wants a burp gun for his kid brother! I don't believe there are so many kid brothers."

Piersall's face reddened. "I got a kid brother! By God I got a kid brother. He's in Pittsburgh with . . . aw, hell!" He turned his attention back to stirring the mixture in his canteen cup.

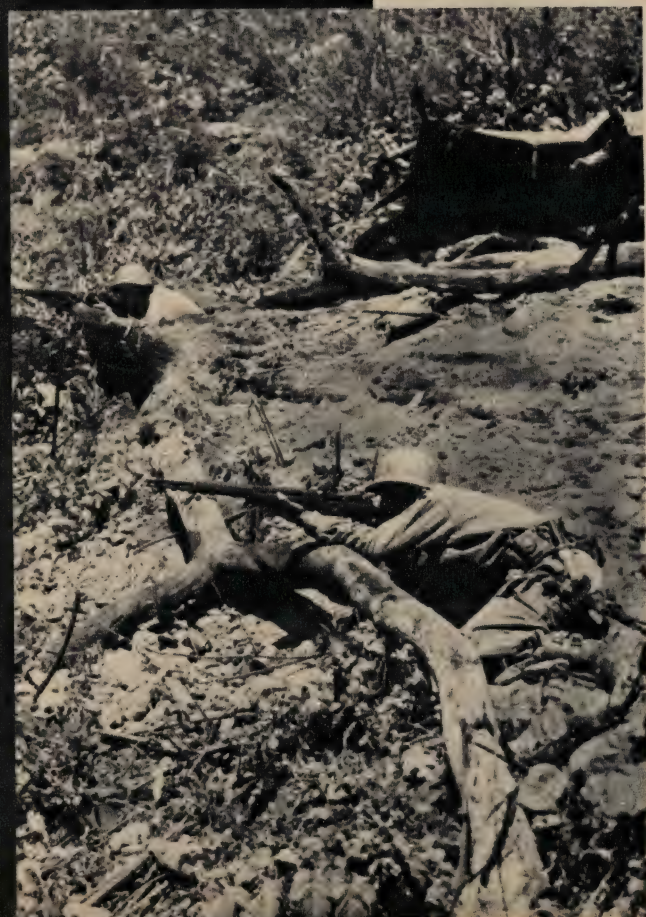
A streak of flame arched into the sky, looking pale and discolored against the cloudless blue above the hill. It burst dully and rained down disinterestedly toward the pillbox.

"That's our flare," O'Crane whispered hoarsely. "Here we go." He let the binoculars fall to his chest and grabbed at his carbine, then with an agile leap, he scampered over the top of the mound. Piersall emptied his cup of half-brewed chocolate in disgust. Robbins neatly folded his letter and tucked it into his pocket. Lupinski pushed the bolt of his BAR into place with a sharp slap. The other members of the squad threw down their cigarettes, picked up their carbines and with the weary, unquestioning fatalism of combat-experienced infantrymen, followed the Corporal without so much as a shrug.

The first 100 yards of the hill was a gently rolling slope that ended abruptly in a massive flame-seared rock formation that jutted saw-tooth fashion toward the top. The men had spread out and were cautiously dodging toward the rocks in short, slithering runs. From the bigger hill came the throaty, barking roars of burp guns and the dull, throbbing explosions of anti-tank guns. "Those guys are catching hell," O'Crane said to me. "It's a good thing you came with us."

Almost as if they had heard, the Communists in the pillbox opened up on us with a roaring machine gun. The bullets thudded into the ground in a giant arc that swept the blackened earth, kicking up small mounds of ash that puffed into the wind like miniature explosions.

"Keep moving toward the rocks!" (Continued on page 45)



We hit the dirt as the Reds opened up on us with a roaring machine gun, the bullets hitting the ground in a giant arc.

**I FLY
CARS
LOW**



There aren't many guys willing to hurtle an auto 120 feet through air, over a bus, into a line of old cars.

by **FRANK MATTHEWS**
as told to
Howard Eisenberg

●● You take a lot of calculated risks in stunt driving, same as you do in aerial cotton-dusting, aerobatics, race-driving, or any other business where a guy sticks his neck out two feet fur-

ther than a giraffe, where it's easier to get it chopped.

You know you're in a fairly dangerous business. You know a lot of guys have been killed doing the same things you're doing. But you have confidence in your own skill and luck. Sure, you expect to get skinned up. In stunt driving, every guy knows he's gonna get a mouthful of steering wheel now and then, maybe bust a few teeth, break his nose, or get a few stitches in his head.

But you figure you're the one guy who'll beat the odds that get shorter every time you head up another ramp, or log another head-on collision. You're the one guy who's going to walk off the track instead of using a crutch, or being carried off feet first to sad music and slow walking. You're gonna make your pile, and then quit.

Well, a lot of guys do—and they do right well owning a little café or a garage somewhere. But there's a saying you hear a lot around race tracks and air shows: "If a guy knew *which* night to stay in bed, he could sure save himself a lot of aches and pains." As far as I'm concerned, you can write that in capital letters a mile high.

Take Labor Day, 1947—a day I should have declared a holiday myself and stayed in bed for the next month.

I was barnstorming through Eastern Canada as featured stunt driver for the Congress of Hollywood Daredevils. I did all the impact on the show—T-bones, rolls in sedans and convertibles, a lot of fill-in garbage like crashing a motorcycle through a flaming wall—and the *pièce de résistance*, the Bus Jump.

The Bus Jump is the feature act on any thrill show. You pilot a car up a 24-foot ramp at from 30 to 60 mph—depending on how far you want to jump, how ignorant you are, and how much insurance you've been able to take out. You hurtle up to 120 feet through the air, sail over a passenger bus and crash down sweet and easy on a line-up of old catch-cars that are supposed to cushion the landing. I say "supposed to" because if you land right, you're as safe as a baby in a crib. But if a gust of wind catches you, or your steering wheel is too lopsided for control, or you break a spindle going up the ramp, you can miss the catch-cars and get skinned up pretty cute.

Catch-cars are no problem in the States. But in Canada they're as scarce as five-legged horses. For some reason, Canadians drive 'til all four wheels fall off before they junk their cars. In the U.S., a little chin music and the promise of a plug on the microphone talked a wrecking-yard owner out of all the cars we could use. But up there our money had to do the talking. We paid as much as \$300 for crash

cars, and up to \$25 for the old shells we use as catch-cars. Even then we couldn't get enough for our needs—had to reinforce and rebuild whatever we had over and over again.

Then at Prince Edward Isle, I hit the jackpot. All through the tour I'd scouted for junks so I could get some long jumps under my belt. Driving through Charlottown, I spied a square block full of rusting old relics. I asked around and found they'd been imported the year before from the States to be used as fill for a new bridge being built, but they'd brought in twice what they needed.

I figured I'd really struck gold. I ferried three trailer truck-loads down to the race track at Summerside, and lined 'em up side by side beyond the bus for a really long jump.

Two performances were scheduled for Summerside. The first night I really let fly, and took off up the ramp at 55 mph, in a '35 Ford 4-door sedan. A blast of wind caught me at the peak of the jump, edged her over, and brought her down like a lop-sided ton of bricks—half on and half off the catch-cars. In the flip that followed, the Ford's whole right side caved in and climbed into the front seat with me. The car was wrecked beyond immediate repair—but I wasn't. And I was delighted. I had flown 110 feet—better, I think, than the Wright Brothers on their first airplane ride.

Next night we had a mighty good house, 1500 cramming the grandstands, and another 750 standing around the side-



Suspended from car's rear end, Frank gets *his* towed through flames—a neat trick if you don't mind losing your trousers.



Bus jump sequence, shot at different times, shows all the stages. Here author takes off from ramp.



Strapped to the seat, Matthews sails through space and over passenger bus at about 60 miles an hour.



Heading toward "catch-cars"—junk auto bodies—he tenses his arms to keep clear of steering wheel when car hits.

IFLY CARS LOW

continued

was doing all right—didn't I?

I adjusted my safety belt, checked the wiring of the gear shift rod in second and fussed with my helmet. At last he got to my cue—"and now let's give him a great big hand and wish him lots of luck—he's gonna need it." I didn't know it at the time, but how right he was!

I leaned forward, waved to the crowd, and then signaled the tow truck to give me the starting shove. I was off.

I took it slow and easy around the first turn. Driving down the dark back-stretch, I gripped the badly twisted steering wheel at a crazy angle. Exhaust fumes reeked through the floorboards. Fenders rattled as though someone were sitting on each one banging away with a hammer. I wondered, as I had a thousand times before, did it have to be me down here getting set to take a skinning? Why didn't I show some sense and do like those people up there, buy a dollar ticket and take myself a good time instead of a good beating?

But I knew the answer to that one. Just like all the other guys, I'd developed an acute case of show business-in-the-blood—something penicillin can't cure. I loved the crowds and the excitement. Sure it was the dirtiest damned business in the world—terrible ungodly hours; sometimes a catnap in the back of a car the only sleep in three days; living like a gypsy; driving 1000 miles without changing your sweaty clothes; always hunting for a four-hour laundry service. The promoter made the big money, while the drivers took all the chances and wound up with a couple-hundred bucks a week tops for seven days and nights of loading and unloading trucks, building firewalls, buying drums of gas, wood and excelsior, autos, and 3 A.M. break-fasts.



Impact is terrific as Matthews comes in for the landing. Windshield splinters, fenders rip as capacity crowd gasps.

Yes, it was a sorry business all right. But you got to love it—even though you and the others wouldn't admit it out loud. One of the guys had epitomized it neatly riding along in an old heap on a rainy, dirty night. There were six guys piled in the car, and it passed a brightly-lighted millionaire's home where behind huge glass windows an orchestra played and people danced and lifted cocktail glasses in gay toasts and flirtations. "See that?" he said. "That's where the suckers live."

Then there was no time for more thought—time to concentrate or get skinned up good. I accelerated gradually, went into a controlled slide on the last turn. The motor roared as I jabbed the throttle up to 45, 55, 58 mph. My eyes were glued to the thin red stripes in the center of the white ramps.

The Ford shot up the ramp and hurtled into space—wingless, but airborne just the same. The arena's flood lights sat at the 15-foot level, and as the car climbed up over that height, I got the eery feeling of lights suddenly doused. Charlie Lajoie, announcing the show, didn't have the lights to help him estimate my height. But he didn't need them. His booth's window was at the 14-foot level, and he didn't even see the car, all he heard was the engine as she rocketed by overhead. Charlie knew something had to happen.

It was only a few seconds I spent in mid-air, but it seemed an eternity. You get a mighty lonesome feeling in the pit of your stomach when you know in a second or two you're gonna crash down nose-first into those catch-cars. There are 1000 people in the park, sure. But there ain't nobody in that car but you. And you're the one who's gonna take the impact.

Then I tensed as I felt the Ford nose down. Sitting with the lower half of my body strapped girdle-tight to the seat, and my upper torso and head flattened to the right behind the dash, I threw every ounce of strength into my grip on the wheel—ready to fight the shock that would hurl me into the steering column.

Everything would have been fine if I'd hit the cushion of catch-cars. But I'd miscalculated. This Ford was 200

pounds lighter than the 4-door of the night before, and I was traveling 2 or 3 miles per hour faster. No wonder the jump seemed long. I'd traveled more than 120 feet from the end of the ramp. I hit 10 feet beyond the last of the 12 catch-cars.

I don't remember much about that landing. Just a flash of light as I came back under the arcs—and then a brutal jarring shock like I'd plowed head-on into a freight train, or as though a circus strongman had let me have it square on the head with a 12-pound sledgehammer. They tell me the car hit so hard she didn't even bounce—just smashed into the ground nose first, crumbled like putty and toppled over on her side like a felled tree.

After that things are very confused. I wasn't unconscious—quite. I lay limp and unable to move, hanging from my safety belt while all about me I heard buzzing voices and saw legs moving at a crazy angle through the windshield. I couldn't talk, couldn't think, couldn't focus my eyes, as someone reached through and fumbled with my safety belt. He crouched down and struggled to pull my 215-pound dead weight through the window. Somehow he did it.

Then I lumbered around, out on my feet, trying clumsily to pull away from the arms and shoulders that supported me. Some blind instinct tugged me back toward the car. I knew I had done something wrong. I had to find out what. I pulled, but I was weak as a kitten. They forced me back, led me to a car, and then up the stairs to my hotel room. I was violently sick three, six—who knew how many times.

Next thing I knew a light beam was flashing in my eyes, and I was conscious of one helluva headache. I was in bed, and a doctor sat on the edge of it. "Here," he said, holding out his hand to check my responses, "squeeze my hand." He repeated it again, and a thought penetrated my groggy brain. I had made my mistake—this was his. I squeezed with all my might to show him I was all right. He jumped off the bed, a pained look flashing across his face. "Not so hard," he yelled. "Not so hard." I fell back on the bed and blacked out. (Continued on page 57)



Crash car flips over, falls on top of "catch-car" line-up. According to the author, this type of landing is a safe one.



This crash car is ready to join "catch-car" pile. With luck and some new parts, one auto can be used four or five times.

by **ROBERT WANSCOTT**

●● You stand outside the little Japanese theater in Koiwa and you light a cigarette. You stand there and wait, blowing clouds of smoke into the warm air, watching the ragged kids swarming around an old man and his hand-puppet show. It's a pleasant spring day in 1947, and everybody in this suburb of Tokyo seems happy enough. But you're not. Your eyes keep falling on your watch, waiting for the hands to creep to two o'clock as you watch the twisting streets for any sign of an M.P. jeep. You wonder if one of the silent Japanese loitering around the

entrance to the electric railway station isn't a counter intelligence man, watching you and the black suitcase you have in your hand, waiting for you to make the play before he closes in.

You break out in a cold sweat as the hands draw close to two, then you sidle past the "Off Limits" sign into the packed theater and stand at the rear of the dark and acrid smelling hall. On the screen, some medieval knight is disemboweling an enemy and the audience seems to love it, but you don't. You know that somewhere in the theater is a short little man who has come to take the black suitcase from you. Then, you know he's there, standing beside



Vial by vial, you empty the damned stuff into the water.



Illustrated by
Bob Garden

you, without turning your head to look. You feel it. "Yankee dooder," comes the mispronounced password and you release the handle of the bag and it is gone. Blinking at the darkness, you try to see the man, but you know you can't, that you will probably never see him. Then your eyes narrow as you come out into the street again and the light hits them. But it's different now. As you climb aboard the blue-striped military coach and head back for Tokyo, you know this isn't it, that they won't catch you this time. Maybe next time you won't be so lucky, but this time you're safe.

Black market. There's something intriguing about the

the GI with the BLACK VALISE

If you're caught with it
there's no way out. Not
now. Not with the headlines
screaming—MURDER!

two words put together, something that makes the rest of the GI's in your engineering detachment laugh a little. It makes you feel better as you lie back on your bunk and pick up a magazine. On the next bunk, a private first class like yourself is bargaining with the Japanese houseboy over a carton of cigarettes. The houseboy laughs sheepishly, the light winking on his prominent gold teeth, and finally he hauls out a handful of 100-yen notes and counts out six. Black market. Everybody does it. Pick up a fast yen here and there and have a good time while you're in Japan.

Then Joe comes in. He's a tall, good looking Japanese who was educated in the states and he's dressed in American civilian clothes. Nobody knows his last name and nobody cares, because Joe knows all the slang words and all the angles and the rest of the boys in the barracks like him. After all, he knows Tokyo like the palm of his hand, all of it, and he's done favors for everybody, even the major in charge of the outfit. Girls, "Off Limits" theaters where there's little chance of patrols, Joe knows them all.

But he comes to your bunk and he sits down and flashes that big smile of his. "How's tricks?" he says, without a trace of an accent.

"Can't kick," you say. You offer him a cigarette but he shakes his head.

"Save yours for the market," he says. "Have one of mine."

You both get a big laugh out of that. You both know it's true. He can afford a lot of American cigarettes at 600 yen a carton. You can't.

"Going out tonight?" He flicks a speck of dust off his neatly creased trousers. "I'm having a party tonight."

You shake your head. So he slaps you on the leg and leaves, chatting with a couple of fellows on the way out. He's more like an average American college boy than a Japanese. But you know, even without looking, that under the edge of the mattress is a bulge, an envelope with 6,000 yen in it. You don't take it out, not now. You wait for the lights to go out before you touch it, because 6,000 yen is a good-sized hunk of money and it might cause questions.

But you don't sleep much that night. You lie there and try to figure out how you got into this business in the first place. A whole sequence of faces and places flash through your mind. You see the beginning, your first week in the engineering detachment, your first beer with Joe. You remember his story. You're a sucker for sob stories anyway, and when he gets started, you feel it, deep.

"I got trapped here," Joe says. "Before the war I came here on a visit, but I couldn't get back to the states. Got drafted into the army." Then he smiles. "But they didn't get much out of me. I just goofed off."

You look around the dance floor and with a start you realize you're in the A-1 Club near Shimbachi station, that the orchestra giving out with a Glenn Miller arrangement is Japanese, that the girls dancing with the G.I.'s are Japanese. And across the table from you is sitting a man you know only as Joe who in a calm voice is reciting a personal history that seems terrifying because it's all true.

"Look," he says. "Will you do me a favor?"

You take a drink of Sakura and wonder what's coming. "What kind of favor?"

His eyes are intense now. "I've got a brother who has a wife and two kids living outside of Tokyo. He can't make a living and I try to get some canned food to him. But I've run into trouble. The (Continued on page 50)

Any one of a million things could stop them
from getting out—including the savage natives
who discovered them and on whom their lives depended.

Jungle

by THOMAS WILLIAM HELM III

monotonous, but let that sound vanish when you are 5,000 feet in the air and monotony turns into terror. And that is just what had happened! I watched the propeller slow down and then stand bolt upright. Twisting around in my seat I looked at Juan Requero, the pilot of the small plane. There was grave concern on his brown face as he worked furiously at the controls. Below us, stretching away in all directions, lay the green top of the vast Nicaraguan jungles.

"What is it?" I shouted, fighting back the rising tide of fear that was swelling in my mind.

"No fuel!" Juan answered.

The words pounded like hammers against my brain as the full gravity of the situation overtook me. Only a half an hour earlier we had watched the little jungle airstrip at La Luz slip away behind us, as we left on what by all rights should have been an uneventful flight to the Nicaraguan mining town of Matagalpa. All too often during my stay in the tropics I had heard stories about planes that had taken off on what *should* have been routine flights only to never be heard from again.

"We have to jump. You go first!" Juan shouted against the rising whistle of the wind around the plane.

Slapping at the catch on my safety belt, I stood up in the seat, hesitated a moment and then tumbled out into the emptiness of the air. I found myself counting slowly and

●● The steady drone of a well-functioning airplane engine is

trying to decide whether or not I was far enough away from the plane to pull the rip cord: One . . . two . . . three . . . The metal ring felt cold in my tightly clenched right hand. The wild sensation of falling was now gone and I felt as if I were lying on my back, suspended on a cushion so soft it seemed to exert no pressure whatsoever. Suddenly, without being consciously aware of it, I gave the rip cord a vicious jerk. An instant later, I caught a fleeting glimpse of yard after yard of white silk spewing out.

On the ground everyone lets out an involuntary gasp of relief when they see the dome of a parachute blossom out above a jumper. In the air above the jungles I let out a gasp too, but not for the same reason. It was literally belted out of my lungs as the opening chute suddenly stopped my rapid drop.

Below me and off to one side I saw the plane. For an instant I wondered that it was still gliding in an upright position and then suddenly I realized the reason. Juan had not yet left the ship! Squinting my eyes against the glare of the high altitude sun I tried to determine what he was doing. He was too far away and too far down to see accurately, but he seemed to be bobbing up and down in his cockpit.

Why hadn't he jumped? Surely, with all of the experience he had gained in years of flying over these tropical jungles, he knew that an attempt to make a forced landing or even a safe crash-landing was out of the question. Yet, he was still in the plane, of that I was positive, and with every passing second the plane was driving nearer and nearer the



Jump!

ground. With my hands gripping the risers I watched the drama unfolding far below me.

I knew that only a precious few hundred feet still separated Juan from certain death. Suddenly, the plane seemed to come to an abrupt halt. Apparently, Juan had hauled back on the stick and stalled the plane. At that instant I saw a small black blob detach itself from the fuselage of the plane. At last, Juan had jumped! When I saw the round dome of his parachute I looked for the plane, but it had disappeared; almost as quickly I saw the parachute below me collapse on the roof of the green jungle.

At the moment I could only guess whether Juan's speed had been broken enough to save his life. However, I was too concerned with my own problem to give the matter any serious consideration. The green jungle that had looked smooth and rounded a few 1,000 feet up in the air had turned into ragged tops of giant vine-laced trees that seemed to race up toward me. Another second and I was crashing down into them.

I felt my left leg snag against the broken stub of a limb. There was the sudden flutter of a startled parrot and the terrified screeching from a group of little capuchin monkeys as they scrambled wildly to get out of the path of this creature who had suddenly dropped down out of the sky among them. The next instant my head seemed to explode in a kaleidoscope of flashing lights that slowly went out and changed to a snowy white cloud.

I don't know how long I floated through that white cloud, but I soon fancied I was (*Continued on page 47*)

"There was a short, sharp double jerk, a split-second pause, and then I flew right over the front seat."

The Train that tore up Alabama

by JIM BUFORD

●● Standing alone in the Railroad Depot a few minutes before train time, I felt confused and uncertain. For some unexplainable reason, I sought the phone booth and placed a call to my home, even though my wife and youngsters had dropped me at the station a bare 15 minutes before. I had no way of knowing that less than an hour would pass before I would be among the victims of a train wreck that would kill 17 and injure 100 others.

With careful attention, I talked to each of my girls, even to the little three-year-old whose conversation was limited to so few words. The last remark I definitely recall was one from my wife, that further added to my discomfort: "I wish you wouldn't go," she said, adding that she just didn't "feel right about it. . . ."

At precisely 1:55 P.M. the majestic streamliner, the North-bound *Southerner*, pride of the Alabama Great Southern fleet, rolled into the station to pause for loading. Reluctantly, with foreboding, I approached the green-uniformed passenger representative and presented my ticket. He motioned to the car I was to take, and with a smile of welcome, assisted me up the steps to the entry foyer. As I sought the seat assigned to me on my receipt, a white coated attendant brought my hat, bag and coat, placing them in the rack above my head. This was a luxury train, the *Southerner*, and the deep cushions were inviting. I leaned back and tried to figure out the cause of my discomfiture.

The trip, according to my reasoning, could not be the cause of my nervousness. It was an old routine to me. I was employed at the new Hydrogen Bomb plant that was mushrooming into being at Dunbarton, South Carolina, some 20 miles from Augusta, Georgia. On week ends, as did thousands more at the great project, I headed for home, despite the fact that my round trip covered nearly 1,000 miles.

While I mused, the engineer gave the whistle a couple of twists, an excited young girl screamed a hysterical goodbye at someone who couldn't hear her anyway, a conductor bawled and without any perceptible jar the train began to roll out of the station. We were on our way. I leaned back, took a deep breath, and closed my eyes for a little rest. Normally, my trip should end some 13 hours later in

Augusta, Georgia, and I would be at my desk by seven, busily screening the demands for materials and supplies that streamed across my desk as Material Control Engineer under Dave Hauser. The wheels clicked and I knew that we were not yet out of town but were now crossing Hackberry Lane near my home. Within minutes we would be highballing on the main line. Still, I could not relax. The odd, queasy feeling was still with me. I thought of the lounge car and possibly a whiskey and soda and suited the thought to the action.

In the lounge I took my seat beside the president of one of our local banks in Tuscaloosa, and after the usual exchange of nonsensical amenities, the conversation dawdled among many idle subjects. The train had now picked up speed, too much speed, I thought, as I gazed out of the back window at the tracks that seemed to curl and snap like the tail of an angry snake. Now and then all conversation would pause as nervous passengers received a hard jolt caused by the switching motion of the car, perhaps slopped a drink down a fresh dress or suit.

My stomach grew more and more unsettled. The whiskey had done little or no obvious good. Thirty minutes passed, 40, 45, and then we began to slow down. Finally we pulled off into a siding and the train halted gently. I got up from my arm chair, traced my way through the various cars to my own assigned seat and once again tried to relax. Glancing casually around me, I tried the mental game of "reading" my fellow passengers—a soldier and his girl friend, perhaps they were just married; two middle-aged sisters, surely twins, looking for all the world like teachers on a vacation into the deep South. Spotted here and there were a few youngsters with parents worn and haggard from trying to curb exuberant young spirits that seemed determined to tear the car apart. Laughter, whispers, sly, knowing stares and across from me a pompous old man trying to impress a trim young chick.

Smiling to myself, I gazed idly out of the window at the gently rolling Alabama landscape. Here and there across the brown fields I could see, like scattered ink blots, the entrances to a few of the tiny, one-man coal mines that dot the area. Away back in the hills I saw a pencil of smoke rise like a tower, and wondered at its cause. A forest fire, possibly, but more (Continued on page 44)



The two trains were both on the main-line, but heading in different directions. As they raced around the curve, they collided with a bone-smashing impact.

The floor of the train was covered with shattered glass and ripped-out seats. The cars were jumbled together like sardines. One was completely demolished.



By the time the ambulances arrived, the place looked like the emergency ward in a hospital. Stretchers were loaded as fast as the doctors could get them out.

We Raided a Gambling House

by LEO GUILD
The Wizard of Odds

●● "Hey, what are you doing Sunday night?" It was my city editor. A gambling raid starts as simply as that.

"What's up?" I asked.

"Why don't you sharpen a few pencils? The police are going to knock off a crooked gambling spot in Long Beach. It's a floating crap game. You want to go along and cover it?"

I thought for a second. "Better than that," I said, "maybe I can wangle an invitation and be there when the cops break in. However," I added quickly, "better notify the captain on the raid that I'm inside. Last time I did something like that I got a club across the butt. Had to sit on duck feathers for a month."

He gave me all the details and hung up.

Now—how to get an invitation to the game. This is always tougher than getting an invite to an Elsa Maxwell party. I called Petey, no one knows what his last name is and I've known him for five years. He's a crap shooter and plays all the time, crooked or not. He claims he can win just as much in a crooked game. All he has to do is bet against the heavy betters.

Petey knew of the game in Long Beach. "Penny-ante," he said with scorn. "They're cheap crooks, who're satisfied to take a couple of 100 a night and fold up."

"Take me out there," I asked. "I'll clear you with the law and you'll have an interesting evening."

"All right," agreed Petey, "it's a good idea. I have a couple of counterfeit bills and since it's the last game, I can use them."

Petey never misses a trick. The raid was scheduled for 12 sharp. I was told all the plans and memorized them. At 11, Petey and I approached a two story, stucco house in a plain residential section of Long Beach. Petey rang the bell and when the door opened a slit, intoned the password: "I understand Mr. Clipstein is ill." The chain was unlatched and we were invited in with a big hello. There were about 20 people playing around an average-sized dice table; the roulette table was empty except for the dealer, who sat there twirling the little ball. We were each given a drink and then took a place at the table. I bought 25 one dollar chips. Petey bought 20. Every once in a while, when the dice were thrown close to the stick man, he'd pick them up with his hands and throw them back—a gesture marking a crooked game. The dice should never





be touched, except by the stick. It's too easy for a stick man to palm in other dice.

A young actress at the table, very high, was doing the heavy betting. The money was being supplied by her escort, a tall, handsome actor, who looked very unhappy about the whole thing and kept suggesting they leave. But she was having too much fun.

It's interesting to note who goes to floating crap games in Los Angeles. There was the actor and actress, and I recognized a Las Vegas club owner. He was gambling lightly—probably his night off. There were two stoutish women, who looked like housewives. They were betting very small. I recognized a garage mechanic from my own neighborhood. He was sweating and looked obviously tense. A little fat fellow with thick glasses I had seen at other games would intone mysterious words before each throw of the dice, in an effort to bring him luck. The others, I didn't know or recognize and believed to be skills.

Petey and I noticed a couple of others at the table were as smart as we were. When the heavy betters tossed on the board their 20's and 50's, we bet dollars against them and with the house. We invariably won. The house was surely controlling the play. The boss of the layout—whose name I never did find out—strolled about the room asking the players if they wanted another drink or sandwich. He was in rare good humor, genial and friendly. A big cigar rolled from one side of his mouth to the other and smoke blew high.

I thought: Brother, that acting couple are going to be very unhappy about having their names in the papers in connection with a gambling raid.

I looked at my watch. It was five minutes of 12. The front door could be seen from where I was standing and this was where they were going to break in. I was a little nervous and kept glancing at the door.

The police certainly worked on split-second timing. I looked at my watch and it was 12 o'clock. Just as I looked down, there was a resounding smash at the front door and it broke inwards, hanging off the bottom hinge. The top hinge was smashed. The first one into the room was a detective. He carried no gun or club.

"All right," he said, "it's a raid. Just don't move and no one gets hurt."

Out of the corner of my eye, I noticed Petey, who was shooting, picking up his money. He wasn't even going to lose two dollars because of a police raid. He had long ago cashed the counterfeit bills.

Behind the detective came the four police, all with clubs drawn, and in back of them—a lieutenant. They huddled everybody in the middle of the (*Continued on page 52*)



**It isn't often that a reporter
gets the nod to be a finger-man
when the cops crack a crap game**

The MAN-EATER of KUMAON



received official recognition as the "Champawat man-eater."

The tigress, for such the animal turned out to be, had arrived in Kumaon as a full-fledged man-eater, from Nepal, whence she had been driven out by a body of armed Nepalese after she had killed two hundred human beings, and during the four years she had been operating in Kumaon had added two hundred and thirty-four to this number.

This is how matters stood when shortly after my arrival in Naini Tal I received a visit from Berthoud. Berthoud, who was Deputy Commissioner of Naini Tal at that time, was a man who was loved and respected by all who knew him, and it is not surprising therefore that when he told me of the trouble the man-eater was giving the people of his district, and the anxiety it was causing him, he took my promise with him that I would start for Champawat immediately on receipt of news of the next human kill.

Two conditions I made, however: one that the Government rewards be canceled, and the other, that the special shikaris, and regulars from Almora, be withdrawn. My reasons for making these conditions need no explanation, for I am sure all sportsmen share my aversion to being classed as a reward-hunter and are as anxious as I am to avoid the risk of being accidentally shot. These conditions were agreed to, and a week later Berthoud paid me an early morning visit and informed me that news had been brought in during the night by runners that a woman had been killed by the man-eater at Pali, a village between Dabidhura and Dhunaghat.

In anticipation of a start at short notice, I had engaged six men to carry my camp kit, and leaving after breakfast, we did a march the first day of seventeen miles to Dhari. Breakfasting at Mornaula next morning, we spent the night at Dabidhura, and arrived at Pali the following evening, five days after the woman had been killed.

The people of the village, numbering some fifty men, women, and children, were in a state of abject terror, and though the sun was still up when I arrived I found the entire population inside their homes behind locked doors, and it was not until my men had made a fire in the courtyard and I was sitting down to a cup of tea that a door here and there was cautiously opened, and the frightened inmates emerged.

From the courtyard they pointed out the direction in which the kills had taken place; the last kill—the one that had brought me to the spot—I was told, had taken place round the shoulder of the hill to the west of the village. The women and girls, some twenty in number, who had been out collecting oak leaves for the cattle when the unfortunate woman had been killed, were eager to give me details of the occurrence. It appeared that the party had set out two hours before midday and, after going half a mile, had climbed into trees to cut leaves. The victim and two other

●● I was shooting with Eddie Knowles in Malani when I first heard of the tiger which later

women had selected a tree growing on the edge of a ravine, which I subsequently found was about four feet deep and ten to twelve feet wide. Having cut all the leaves she needed, the woman was climbing down from the tree when the tiger, who had approached unseen, stood up on its hind legs and caught her by the foot. Her hold was torn from the branch she was letting herself down by, and, pulling her into the ravine, the tiger released her foot, and while she was struggling to rise caught her by the throat. After killing her it sprang up the side of the ravine and disappeared with her into some heavy undergrowth.

On arrival at the spot a glance at the ground showed me that the tiger could only have approached the tree one way without being seen, and that was up the ravine. Entering the ravine a hundred yards below the tree, and working up, I found the pug marks of a tiger in some fine earth that had sifted down between two big rocks; these pug marks showed the animal to be a tigress, a little past her prime. Further up the ravine, and some ten yards from the tree, the tigress had lain down behind a rock, presumably to wait for the woman to climb down from the tree.

Where the tigress had killed the woman there were signs of a struggle and a big patch of dried blood; from here the blood trail, now dry but distinctly visible, led across the ravine and up the opposite bank. Following the blood trail from where it left the ravine we found the place in the bushes where the tigress had eaten her kill.

As the tigress now appeared to have left this locality I decided, much to the regret of the people of Pali, to move to Champawat, fifteen miles due east of Pali. Making an early start, I breakfasted at Dhunaghat, and completed the journey to Champawat by sunset. The roads in this area were considered very unsafe, and men only moved from village to village or to the bazaars in large parties. After leaving Dhunaghat, my party of eight was added to by men from villages adjoining the road, and we arrived at Champawat thirty strong.

The Tahsildar of Champawat, to whom I had been given letters of introduction, paid me a visit that night at the Dak Bungalow, where I was putting up, and suggested I should move next day to a bungalow a few miles away, in the vicinity of which many human beings had been killed.

Early next morning, accompanied by the Tahsildar, I set out for the bungalow, and while I was having breakfast on the verandah two men arrived with news that a cow had been killed by a tiger in a village ten miles away. The Tahsildar excused himself to attend to some urgent work at Champawat, and said he would return to the bungalow in the evening and stay the night with me. My guides were good walkers, and as the track went downhill most of the way we covered the ten miles in record time. Arrived at the village I was taken to a cattle-shed in which I found a week-old calf, killed and partly eaten by a leopard. Not having the time or the inclination to shoot the leopard I rewarded my guides, and retraced my steps to the bungalow. Here I found the Tahsildar had not returned, and as there was still an hour or more of daylight (*Continued on page 62*)

He set out to stalk a savage jungle monster who had already torn more than 400 human beings to shreds.

EIGHT ALIBIS ARE TOO MANY



Forget the fact that there was no gun. How many men would munch peanuts while committing an axe-murder and suicide?

by EARL L. FULTZ

●● It was Saturday night in Marion, Ohio, and the town was crowded with people

who had worked hard all week and now wanted to let off a little steam. The stores stayed open late to accommodate the farm families who started arriving as soon as the milking was done. The streets and parking lots were jammed with autos and the sidewalks looked like a kicked anthill.

A lot of the farm folks just sat in their automobiles and watched people walk by, inexpensive but interesting entertainment after the rather monastic farm life. Two such people were Mr. and Mrs. Homer Myers, who lived on a farm about 10 miles south of town. The Myers had parked in front of Gallagher's Drug Store about seven o'clock and it was there that their son, Raymond Myers, happened to bump into them. They stood chatting for awhile, then Raymond, who had turned city boy, went on to his home. The Myers sat around for a short while longer, then drove home. Saturday night was over as far as they were concerned.

In Marion, the crowds begin to thin out after nine o'clock. The old folks went home and the kids got ready to howl. Two young men, Bob Bensley and Harry Wiley, left town about eleven o'clock, headed south for Columbus. They drove past the tomb of President Warren G. Harding on the edge of town, then proceeded down Route 25, the headlights boring into the blackness. As they came over the top of a small hill, they both saw a farmhouse, dark except for red, flickering flames in the windows.

"That house is on fire," Bensley shouted, skidding the car to an abrupt halt.

"Let's go," Wiley shouted and jumped out of the car. They did a Jesse Owens dash across the spacious, well-kept lawn toward the house, a large and stately frame building. They could see that the flames had a pretty good start. They shouted and pounded on the front door, but the only reply was the crackle of the fire and their own labored breathing.

"There's no one here," Wiley puffed.

"Maybe they're sleeping; let's bust in."

They drew back a few feet and rushed at the door, which gave with a splintering crash. A cloud of black smoke puffed out at them, making them cough. They got down near the floor and went inside, shielding their faces from the heat.

"Look," Wiley croaked, "somebody's passed out." By the flickering glare, they saw the still form of a woman lying near the flames in the middle of the room.

"Let's get her out of here," Bensley cried. One grabbed the shoulders, the other the feet, and they stumbled out of the house, coughing and weeping from the acrid smoke. They put the body gently on the lawn and wiped the tears from their eyes.

"See if she needs artificial respiration," Wiley said, his eyes brimming. Bensley knelt down and peered closely, then

leaped up with a startled exclamation, his face greenish.

"She needs more than that," he said weakly. The woman they had carried out was rather elderly and very dead. There were savage wounds about her face, great, gaping slashes, as though someone tried to trim her down with a meat cleaver. Her clothes were soaked with blood and the young men's clothes were ruined, but they didn't think about that right then.

"I'll get help," Wiley said and ran back to the highway. He managed to stop the first vehicle which came along, a bus. The driver no sooner heard the story than he roared ahead to the next farmhouse, where he phoned in a hurried call to the headquarters of the Ohio State Highway Patrol.

Back at the farmhouse, the flames leaped higher. Passers-by and neighbors appeared like magic. A bucket brigade was quickly organized and pails, milk cans, wash tubs, anything that would hold water, was pressed into service to keep the flames from spreading. However, it was not until the fire department from the nearby hamlet of Waldo roared up that any real headway was made against the fire.

The neighbors had instantly recognized the dead woman as Mrs. Homer Myers and realizing that Mr. Myers might still be in the burning house, several volunteers risked getting barbecued by going in to look for him. One of them, a man named Harry Shroats, found Homer Myers lying in the doorway between the living room and bedroom. Shroats needed only a glance to know that Myers couldn't be helped—there was a gaping hole in his right temple. Shroats managed to get the body as far as the front porch before collapsing from the smoke. Others took over and laid Homer Myers on the lawn next to his wife.

A little cluster of people who couldn't find pails gathered around and wondered aloud what in tarnation could have happened. Several were of the opinion that Myers had killed his wife, then shot himself. There was much to substantiate the theory. Besides being sliced up by some heavy bladed instrument, Mrs. Myers had been shot several times. However, Mr. Myers had been shot only once—and in the right temple.

The police officials sirened up, the first being Corporal H. W. Sowers of the State Highway Patrol. Before leaving his headquarters, Sowers had called Sheriff Fred F. Miller and Coroner F. X. Axthelm, both of Marion County, and they arrived seconds later.

Sheriff Miller took charge and sent Deputy Sheriffs Gene Geisler and W. H. Willis back to Marion to notify Raymond Myers and to bring him back to the farm.

Meanwhile, the fire was still crackling merrily away, and the sheriff knew that any clues were probably being destroyed. For the next half hour he fretted and fumed and barked at the kids who got too close to the fire. However, he didn't waste the time. The thought that it could be murder and suicide had occurred to him, too, and he started questioning neighbors of the Myers.

According to his neighbors, Myers was just not the type to flip his lid all of a sudden and chop up his wife, if for no other reason than that the Myers were very happily married. Besides that, it would seem they had everything to live for—a big farm, plenty of money, a fine house, and plenty to keep them busy. Myers was such a skilled agriculturist that he had won the honor of being termed "Master Farmer" by the magazine. (Continued on page 74)

When they dragged Homer Myers' body out of the fire they saw he'd been shot—once, in the right temple.

When an Aristocrat of the Alley boards ship, it's time
to hide the Whiskey, and lace the milk with saltpeter.

...And All the Cats at Sea

by ROBERT C. McCORMICK

● ● For a house pet whose only popularly supposed contact with water in large quantities is to be drowned in a gunnysack at birth, a strange species of carnivorous quadruped known as the "Ship's Cat" apparently does all right following one of the world's travelingest professions.

A living tradition, born of necessity in the British Navy during the days of Captain Horatio Hornblower and rat-infested wooden sailing vessels, this hardy traveler has developed through the years into an almost legendary breed—a kind of super, four-legged sailor who can take her water or leave it alone—but prefers it oceans-full at a time.

These Kittens of the Sea, carrying such nautical names as *Seashore*, *Skipper*, *Barnacle Bill*, *Fogbound*, *Hatches* and the like, sail the ocean blue, day in and day out, in fair weather or foul, and on anything and everything that floats. Disdaining the regal pleasures of a warm snooze on the kitchen hearth following a night on the town, these venturesome vagabonds much prefer their fun where they find it, as they beat their way around the world by luxury liner and tramp steamer. And, believe me, they find it! Whether it is in Rio or Cape Town, Trinidad or Algiers, every port is a Casbah for world traveler Tom.

It was on a tramp steamer in the Caribbean trade

that I first discovered that America's No. 1 house pet was really a sea-going, rip-roaring rover, with the world as its beat. As I boarded the ship in New York, to work out the fashionable summer vacation of most collegians of the period, I noticed the biggest, blackest, potentially most vicious tomcat I had ever seen perched at the head of the gangway. Everything about the big fellow exuded utter disdain for anything that walked on two feet, and he proved it by the yellow fire that bounced out of his deep-set eyes.

This particular Tom, whose name I later learned was Rummy (due probably to the fact that he joined the ship at Jamaica), just sat there on his huge haunches and vindictively eyed every seaman who stepped onto the deck. I remember thinking that he appeared to be looking for someone he didn't particularly like. As each member of the crew came aboard, Rummy would look him up and down and if thoroughly satisfied, blinked twice. When I had safely passed this quiet inspection, I reported to the Skipper.

"Who the hell is that?" I asked, mindful that I as a cat-lover never dreamed I'd find the object of my particular affection on *any* ship, much less mine.

"That," the Old Man imitated my nod towards the Tom, "is Rummy. He's our Ship's Cat, and he's waiting for our radio man. That's him now," he added, pointing.

I could see the big Tom stiffen as the radio man started up the gangway from the dock. The shiny coal that was the hair on his back (*Continued on page 68*).



by **SETH KANTOR**

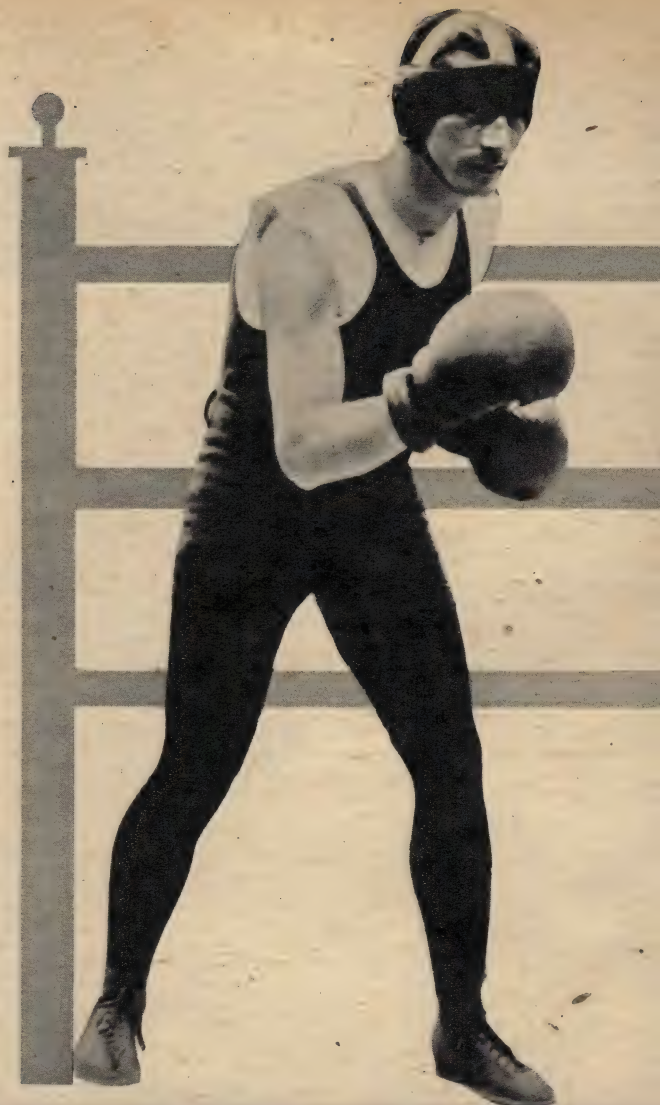
●● *The Golden Era of sports was underway. It was January 14, 1921. Yankee Stadium was being built*

and Miller Huggins was busily erecting Murderers' Row on the shoulders of Babe Ruth. Atlanta was agog over a youngster named Bobby Jones who was scorching golf pars. Football had just received a double shock, with the death of Notre Dame's great George Gipp and the smashing victory over Harvard by little Centre College. Big Bill Tilden and Little Bill Johnson were making tennis a popular sport. New York had a group of young sports writers that included James Thurber, Gene Fowler, Ernest Hemingway and Westbrook Pegler. The most outstanding fighter was not Dempsey—it was Benny Leonard, lightweight champion. The following is an account, in excerpt form, of one of his most thrilling encounters, as it may have sounded from a ringside radio at the old Madison Square Garden, on the night of January 14, 1921 . . .

The magic that is the fists and pistoned body of Benny Leonard has done it again, folks. We're at ringside in the midst of the most fashionable crowd probably ever gathered to see a match of fisticuffs. The Garden is now crowded beyond the point of standing room.

We've just received word from the ticket offices that a new all-time indoor record has been set for certain. There are over 11,000 people here, jammed in tightly.

They've come here to see Benny Leonard, champion since 1917. They've come to Mr. Rickard's backyard to aid the cause of charity while seeing the finest boxer alive. Miss Anne Morgan, sister of Financier J. P. Morgan, will



BENNY BET A BUNDLE

... and by knocking himself out to cinch his wager, he damned near lost the championship.

Benny belted sparring partners in Mt. Kisco pre-bout training.

reap many thousands of dollars for her Devastated France Fund, which prompted the whole affair.

We're waiting now for the contestants to come in. Above us in the ring, Joe Humphries is making husky announcements, megaphone in hand. The crowd here just won't stay quiet, though . . . They've braved a pretty good-sized snow storm outside to get to this mighty arena.

There are other good champions. There is the Frenchman, Georges Carpentier, who just recently defeated our own Battling Levinsky. There is Kid Britton, who goes on and on in the welterweight ranks. Dempsey, the heavy-weight, who probably will not last, is a wild tiger and not a master.

But there is none such as the fast, accurate, hard-hitting and dependable Benny Leonard. He is a little, nervous, thin boy. He rose to lightweight champion from a childhood spent not far from here, on the lower east side. He resembles in build and in wiry motion the new stage favorite, Eddie Cantor, who comes from the same neighborhood.

In his last 139 bouts, the boy who was born with the name of Benjamin Leiner has knocked out 43 men and has not lost once. Many of these bouts, of course, have been scored as "no decisions" because of prevailing boxing laws in New York. Before those 139 fights, Leonard knocked out 13 men in 1912, his first professional year, and was kayoed once. He was knocked out once again in 1913, while flooring three himself. He hasn't lost a bout in seven full years.

Leonard is 24. He started boxing for a living at the age of 15. He barely reaches five-feet, five-inches and tonight he weighs 131 pounds . . .

A roar comes up from the throng—and there are many ungentlemanly catcalls mixed in—as Governor Smith, Al Smith, arrives at his ringside seat, a blue overcoat folded over his right forearm, well-dressed from his yellow spats up to his diamond stickpin. He waves his brown, shiny derby in his left hand and a cigar covers half of a big smile at the crowd.

He smiles at Mayor Jimmy Walker, reaches two seats away from where he will sit, shakes hands with Walker and photographers' cameras capture the scene of friendship. Only five months ago, these two fiery leaders, warriors in their own rights, clashed violently over Walker's efforts to fully legalize boxing matches. Governor Smith finally gave in, against his will, and now the Walker Act appears to have been accepted all around the nation.

Smith is not a boxing fan by any means, but he's here to contribute to the Anne Morgan fund and, of course, show New Yorkers he's a good sport about losing his own fight . . .

. . . The fighters are now in the ring. Oddly enough, they're both garbed in white trunks. This Mitchell is reportedly as fast as Leonard and another challenger, Lew Tendler of Philadelphia. It will be hard to tell, therefore, who is who, if the action gets close and speedy.

I don't know of anyone here who thinks that the action will get either fast or close for any length of time. Leonard is odds-on-favorite to win in two rounds.

But one of the sports writers nearby, a gentleman named Damon Runyon, who is working here tonight with the noted Hype Igoe of the *New York Journal*, told us some interesting news just before we took the air. He said that boys in the know at Lindy's (*Continued on page 58*)



I was a gold

When you're passing the yellow stuff across an international border, don't take time out to play Sir Galahad to a blonde.

By STANLEY CAPP

testines, my kidneys, and my stomach were mashed up inside me like a beef stew. Each time the car hit another obstruction on the road, I was jolted violently out of my seat, and after two hours of this kind of driving I felt so sick I could hardly maintain a grip on the wheel. Twice the car zoomed off the road, and only by desperate last-minute maneuvers was I able to right it before plunging into a ditch.

Finally, the dirt road made a complete clover-leaf turn and at the end of the final dip, I saw a rickety old farmhouse, half-hidden by overhanging foliage. With a sigh of relief, I jammed on the brakes and brought the car to a screeching stop.

Fighting off an attack of nausea, I wearily dragged myself out of the car and stepped up to the farmhouse. I rapped sharply on the door, but there was no answer. I knocked again and called out, "anybody home?"

This time, I heard somebody shouting from the cellar, "Wait a minute . . . wait a minute . . ."

In a few moments, a wizened old man swung open the door. "Whadda ya want?" he snarled.

"Are you 'Gimpy'?" I asked him. He didn't answer for a second, then said quietly, "Mebbe yes . . . mebbe no . . . who wants to know?"

"Bless my stars, the royal deuce," I answered.

The old man wasn't taken aback by this strange greeting. Instead, he cocked an eye, looked me over very carefully then grunted, "You're late. Where ya been?" He understood the password and it was evident that I had come to the right place. This was the first stop on a cross-conti-

●● The hired car jerked and bounced over the rocky dirt roads of northern Quebec until my in-

ment expedition designed to put more than \$75,000 of stolen gold into the hands of black-market buyers 5,000 miles away!

In my role as courier for a criminal ring, I was part and parcel of the newest rage in smuggling rackets. While newspaper headlines have been shouting about the narcotics traffic, the smartest international smugglers have been moving into the "hot gold" trade. Like Captain Kidd in the old pirate days, they have discovered that gold is the most lucrative of all precious commodities and they have

built up their racket to fantastic proportions. To an extent even greater than dope, "hot gold" has markets in every country outside the Iron Curtain.

The setup works this way: In European and Oriental nations, many financiers and business leaders do not trust the currency of their own government. To protect themselves, they go down to the black markets and buy gold, the one currency that means wealth in every continent. This gold is smuggled in from the States, where it is valued at \$35 an ounce. The gold buyers are so desperate to get their hands on the yellow lucre that they pay as much as \$120 an ounce for it! You can see what kind of bonanza the smuggling rings have been

STATEMENT BY LOUIS KAPLAN, assistant U. S. attorney, who is a principal government figure battling the gold smugglers:

"Few people realize what a menace gold smuggling has become to free nations everywhere. It is the biggest global racket in operation today; according to some estimates, nearly \$500,000,000 a year is involved. Although the ring in which the author operated has been broken up, many more rings are still operating outside the law. This type of racket attracts many people who have no criminal records and who don't think they're hurting anybody with their operations . . . if businessmen in western Europe continue to pass up their own currency to hoard stolen gold, they will soon create a general belief that their government's money is worthless. The result will be wild inflation, panic and economic collapse. All the money we have been sending western Europe for aid would then go down the drain and the Communists can take over these countries without firing a single shot!"

reaping on that percentage of the profit!

I wasn't directly concerned with the big picture, of course, and only a very small share of the gravy dripped down to my pockets. Still, I was doing a lot better than in my old job as fur buyer. Officially, I was still playing the role of buyer, and my excuse for visiting the Canadian mining town of Timmins was that I had some fur business to transact. This was also the official reason I gave Customs for my frequent trips to Europe and back. I had already crossed the ocean six times in the past year as an airline passenger. On each occasion, the (Continued on page 48)

smuggler

CANADA CUSTOMS AND IMMIGRATION - STOP AND REPORT
DOUANE ET IMMIGRATION CANADA - ARRETEZ





how to out-fox the WOLF PACK



by **GREGG SHERWOOD**

sterling broth of a lad who passes the collection box at church, has his moment when he hopes he'll affect a girl like a fourth martini. I have my own bag of tricks, culled during my ceaseless struggle against that crafty, rapacious and very destructive to "game" animal known as the WOLF.

Some of my best friends are wolves—and why not? Most wolves are handsome, dance divinely and have a terrific sense of humor. Why kill off such a wonderful beast? How much wiser to tame him. I feel I am a competent authority on these mundane matters since I've been luring them on and fending them off for years now. My adeptness along this line has done right well for me—in modeling, television and movies. My date list boasts the town's most attractive socialites, actors, doctors, lawyers and merchant-chiefs-at-large. Needless to say, I've met every type of two-legged wolf that's prowling—and I've got an answer for them all!

Take the HINTER-LAND WOLVES (and how they hint!) These charmers usually catch a girl by surprise because they're found in the little towns and villages where everyone knows everyone and they all seem cool, calm and

dull—that is, until your out on that first date. . .

THE FARMER'S SON—When he takes his hands off the plow and starts reaching for me I tell him how different he is from other country lads—really has class, "savoir-faire," knows a lady from a female wrestler. If this doesn't work, I buy a map of the city and make sure that he never parks too far from town!

THE COLLEGE WOLF—this lad is dynamite! He's out for track, football and has pledged Phi Psi. He also has four years to make good—or bad! This can be one wonderful whirl, as he tries his best to "pin" me. However, I always carry a long pin myself—it sometimes comes in handy!

TOWN'S BEST CATCH—They call him the best "catch" because he has everything, looks, charm and loot, and because he can run fast—*away*! Being the kingpin in the community he is flagrantly aware of his advantages. He's out strictly for laughs, and (*Continued on page 53*)

**We pass along this report from our research
department: "We chased; we tried;
we went down swinging!"**





THE TRAIN THAT TORE UP ALABAMA

Continued from page 29

probably a wild cat liquor still. I frowned at the nervousness in my stomach, but it refused to go away.

With a window-rattling roar that thundered into my ears, the South-bound *Southerner* swished by, seeming to be bare inches from where we sat. There was a frightened scream from a youngster caught unawares and then the shadow passed, the train was gone. From far ahead we heard the blast of the frog-voiced air horns as the engineer tooted twice to notify the crew that he was moving out. There came an answering squeal from the air whistle manned by the conductor and again we were rolling off without any noticeable jar or lurch. I estimated our speed to be 18 or 20 miles per hour. Conversation that had paused when the train started, was resumed. A child raced to the water cooler and down through the car again. I sat back, crossed my legs, leaned my head back . . . and then it happened. What followed is, in many cases, a blur or fog of memory.

I HEARD the genial, always-smiling porter as he half screamed, half moaned: "Lawd Jesus God, Help me!" I recall half-turning my head, puzzled at the expression and the tone. There was a short, sharp double jerk, a split second pause and then hell flew loose in several directions. There was no time for thought or action. I flew up and over the seat in front of me. There was a terrific, bone crushing impact. Seats were ripped out of the floor and slammed against the bulkhead with pistol-shot crashes. I lay on the floor by now, with luggage falling from the racks overhead. Someone was on top of me, soft and sticky. The car was shuddering and groaning, glass everywhere around me.

I lay still, trying to gather my wits. I could feel my face swelling. The taste of blood was thick and sickening in my mouth and my jaw was numb. The car stopped and there was a dead, dull and shocked silence. Cautiously, I raised my head. The babble was starting. From somewhere, as though far away, a voice was imploring that someone "Speak to me. . . . Speak to me. . . ." A woman screamed then, and the silence was broken. I arose on shaky feet. Someone began to laugh, a crazy, half crying sound. Somewhere, someone was crying, softly and in great gulping sobs.

I reached for a handkerchief to stem the blood that was now pouring down from my face, soaking my clothes. A woman across from me gazed at my face with sympathy showing from wide, blank eyes. "Why . . . why, you've been hurt," she said. Horror-filled, I saw a great, gaping hole in her head. She didn't know. . .

The hysteria grew now, and I sought

my shaky way through the car. Vaguely, I recalled that whiskey was good for shock and hysteria. In shock myself, I did not know how badly I was injured, felt no pain. As I passed the end of the car a woman silently implored that I do something. She held in her lap a child of four or so years, a great bruise across its forehead. Its eyes were closed and the form was very limp and white. Fractured skull, gotten when the crash catapulted the child from its mother's arms onto the floor. I walked on, to the club car in search of whiskey.

The inside of the car was pure chaos. The floor was carpeted in a shimmering blanket of viciously shattered glass. The Porter, his white jacket drenched with blood from a dozen cuts, stood in shocked silence near his disintegrated cabinets and registers, eyes wide and glazed. I asked for the whiskey. He wanted to know who was going to pay. Angered, half hysterical, injured, not thinking of his own condition, I reached for something to brain him with. He understood then, said nothing, and when I straightened up the whiskey was on what was left of the bar. I grabbed it and retraced my steps to my own car, carefully avoiding the injured who littered the aisles in the other cars. In my car I passed out drinks to those who seemed to need them most. I noted then that there was no question, no thanks, no move or act of any kind. They took the drinks, downed them, and sat still, quiet, eyes fixed. I walked forward then, past more splintered seats and quiet figures. In a foyer, I came across a body. It was a well dressed man of middle age, resting in a great pool of blood. I recall that, through some odd twist of a dazed mind, I stooped and attempted to cover the stump from which a part of the leg and the entire foot was missing.

THE next thing I remember is being at the front of the train. Two twisted and broken bodies lay along the side of the right of way, and the cars were jumbled in an agonized series of dream world angles. Up on the front of one of the engines, two or three men were busy with axes in a race against time. Blood was spouting a thick stream down the torn metal, and I heard someone say, in a faint voice from within the cab . . . "Knock me in the head boys . . . I'm dying anyway . . ."

Again, I stood by the side of a car that had telescoped into another. Tireless men, led by the mighty figure of a country preacher, tore into the sides of the cars. I saw a tiny form, a child of perhaps two, handed out of the car and into waiting arms. Dead, it had still been in its mother's lap. Inside were other figures, bearing little resemblance to human be-

ings now, and the blood dripped into great pools beneath the car . . .

I walked back along the track. The toll was growing steadily. Now the bodies lined the right of way, and I saw a tragic picture of mother and child, side by side, looking like tangled and worn rag dolls. The body of the man I had first seen in the coach was here, too, and someone had covered the once beautifully tailored form with a table cloth from the diner. Pain became a surging formless thing to me, gnawing at my face, leg and chest, and I sought my own car and seat until help could get to me . . .

THE next thing I recalled was being in my seat. Someone was tearing at my coat and shirt. Hours had passed now, and hundreds upon hundreds of people were gathering at the scene. Somehow, through the shadows of pain and shock, I thought that I was being robbed, and I fought back. I looked up once, into the face of a pretty girl. I heard a voice say. . . . "Easy now . . . it's all right . . . I'm a doctor . . ." and then the darkness came to me as I heard someone say "Fracture . . . hospital . . . quick . . ." I remember a stretcher, and the cool air on my face as the mob of people hurried back and forth . . .

Once again I was in my seat, and again I was taken outside on stretchers. I recall the faces of those who streamed by, some with torn and mangled clothes, others with faces seamed and tear-streaked as they sought frantically for someone near or dear. Time had no meaning now. The night was closing in and the air was filled with the moan of sirens as ambulances from four counties began arriving on the scene by the dozens. By this time, I was later informed, some four hours had passed. Nearly 50 ambulances, dozens of doctors and nurses, hundreds upon hundreds of people were streaming into the remote accident location. I had lain back, grateful for a soft place on which I might attempt to relax.

The next thing I knew I was in a hospital in my home town. My wife and my most trusted friends were at my side. X-ray examination followed and I was removed to my room. Surprisingly, I felt better at this point, and was filled with an odd sense of well being, elated at having lived. I talked to my wife, and to my friends, in a normal tone and train of thought, casually and seemingly undisturbed by my experience.

At this point the memory again blurs. I do not recall my wife and friends leaving me. For the next two days, I was to remain unaware of my surroundings, not knowing anyone or anything. During this time, I gave a tape recorded interview to the radio station during which I carried on a completely sensible conversation, answering questions with a studied confidence. Although I was at the time unconscious, neither the operator nor the nurses, doctors, nor myself realized my condition. No harm was done however, and I later received an apology from the radio station, an appreciated but unnecessary gesture.

In retrospect, we have examined this series of happenings with cold and careful consideration. Many odd and com-

pletely unexplainable things stand out in a manner designed to make one curious, to say the least. Some of them, I am sure, will remain a mystery.

My watch had stopped, shattered, at two minutes until three o'clock. At five minutes past three, my wife received a telephone call, presumably from me. She states that I spoke simply and without drama. I told her that there had been a terrible train wreck, that many were dead, hundreds injured, and that although injured, I did not think my own hurts to be serious. I told her to call the wife of the bank president, to notify the highway patrol, and to sit tight until I notified her further. She then followed my directions. The call to the banker's wife was of no avail. She was out. Next, she called the highway patrol, and the operator there thought that someone was pranking, refused to believe her. Following this, she immediately contacted Senator E. W. Skidmore and explained the matter. Within minutes, he was with her, Mrs. Skidmore had taken over our home and the little girls, and my wife and the Senator began a long vigil that was to terminate some six hours later.

My wife says that there was no doubt in her mind that there had been a terrible

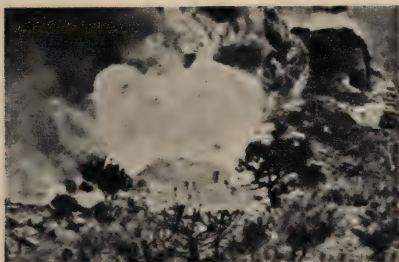
wreck and that I was injured. She states that she knew it to be so. We have determined that she was the first person to know of the accident in Tuscaloosa. The oddity of the situation lies in the fact that there were only two phones in the immediate area of the accident. In no case could I have reached them within five minutes of the accident. One of these phones was approximately a mile and a half over the hills. Injured as I was, with a nearly broken, badly strained knee, I could not have reached the distant phone even had I known of its existence. The other phone was located a half mile back down the track. This phone was opened by the president of the bank, and the owners of the instrument had not known of the wreck until prevailed upon by the banker to open the doors to the public.

Even more strange, to us is the matter of our collective feelings on the day of departure. For instance, the call I placed to my home, something that I had never done before. And the queasy feeling, the discomfort, that I experienced on leaving. Too, my wife stood at the fence talking to a neighbor as the train blew to pull out. We live within hearing distance of the station and as the whistle called, my wife remarked that she wished I had not

gone. She now states that she somehow felt that I would never reach my destination, but could not explain the matter and, feeling somewhat silly over the idea of protesting too much, had merely remarked upon it and let it go.

On a later trip I had occasion to talk with the porter whose yell I had noticed immediately prior to the crash. He had been leaning over the "dutch-door" in the vestibule of our car. He had watched, frozen, as the mighty streamliner, the *Crescent*, had rounded the curve at 80 miles per hour to head for our engine. The *Crescent* of the Louisville and Nashville line had been routed over the Southern track because of a washout on the L & N mainline. It has never been satisfactorily explained whether our engineer hadn't known the *Crescent* was on the line, or whether he'd known and forgotten. Just as he'd emerged on the mainline with the North-bound *Southerner* the *Crescent* had rounded the curve.

THE porter, with his prayer for help, had leaped the door from a standstill, cleared a double row of track, run down a 20-foot fill and made 50 yards out into the swamp before the crash. He, of course, hadn't had a scratch.



"GET THAT PILLBOX!"

Continued from page 19

O'Crane shouted to his squad, on the run.

The men ran, hunched and tightened, toward the shallow protection of the formation. As the path of fire swung into the ground a few feet behind him, one of the men, Charles Carson of Beaumont, Texas, seemed to leap into the air like a diver. He spun halfway around, crashed into the earth, landing on his left shoulder, his left arm tearing at his right sleeve. The spraying machine gun bullets jerked from their sweeping arch and swung back toward the prostrate figure in a skipping line of small puffs. The wounded boy crawled frantically out of the deadly path. Hesitantly, the bullets splattered into the earth at the spot where he had been, churning up the black dust, then skipping methodically toward him again. Before the path of fire reached him, the machine gun stopped.

"GET to the rocks!" O'Crane yelled at Carson. "Get to the rocks!"

Carson climbed uncertainly to his feet and seconds later slammed into the shelter of a huge boulder.

We reached the shelter and crawled over to him. "God!" he said as his fingers tightened around the widening stain of blood that seeped through the right arm of his fatigues, "That guy must have burned out his barrel the way he was shootin' at me."

"Well, if he did," said O'Crane as he

ripped open his bandage pack, "that's one machine gun we won't have to worry about."

"They got more up there," said Lupinski bitterly.

O'Crane ripped open Carson's sleeves and applied the khaki-colored bandage to the wound. "You'd better stay here," he said.

"Like hell," spat Carson. "Ah got five days in Tokyo comin' foah this," he nodded toward his wound, "and ah want to get to the medics foah mah tag."

"You can't go down this hill. You'd never make it."

"No, but ah can sure as hell go up with you guys. Once we knock out those Reds, ah can get to the medics." He pulled a grenade from his belt with his good arm and grinned knowingly.

A smile broke across O'Crane's face. He slapped Carson on the back. "Okay, Lefty, let's go."

The rocks were slimy with their coating of black, slippery ash. Moments after we started working our way through the formation we were all black and grimy from the sticky, flour-like soot.

The machine guns had been quiet when we climbed into the rocks, but now a tongue of flame erupted suddenly from one of the dark ports in the side of the pillbox. A fraction later it exploded sharply a few yards away with a heavy, reverberating roar that rocked the hill

and sent a huge cloud of rocks and debris charging toward the sky.

"They got artillery!" somebody shouted.

"Keep going!" O'Crane shouted back. "It's an anti-tank gun or maybe a bazooka."

Young Piersall started to slip over the crest of rocks. A staccato, barking roar and a tongue of flame bit out from another of the pillbox's ports, bullets clattering noisily against the huge boulder Piersall was trying to scale.

O'Crane cursed. "Another machine gun." He lifted his voice and shouted to the young private. "Get down, Piersall! Forchrissake don't skyline! They must have a weapons platoon up there."

The boy quickly slithered back down to the safety of the crevasse.

The anti-tank gun started lobbing shells into our positions steadily. Every few seconds a section of the hill would erupt with the violence of an earthquake, debris charging into the air in a huge, mushrooming cloud of smoke and dirt.

Cautiously, we huddled together among the rocks, scarcely breathing, afraid to move for fear that some part of our bodies would be exposed to the deadly ports that stared ominously down at us from the pillbox on the crest of the hill. We were "pinned down," unable to go forward or back.

Between the flashes of bursting shrapnel and the almost steady chatter of the Reds' machine guns, we could hear the sounds of the battle on the bigger hill.

"The rest of the platoon," said one of the men, "is sure catching hell over there." Again a shell from the pillbox swished out and erupted with a thunderous roar.

"Those guys in the pillbox," said Lupinski, "aren't exactly putting out the welcome mat for us. If you ask me, we're stuck here."

"Stuck, like hell," said the wounded Carson. "Ah got five days in Tokyo comin' t'me." He cursed hard and started to climb up over the rocks.

"C'mon back," ordered O'Crane authoritatively. "We got to figure this out. We go charging up that hill and they'll wipe us out. We gotta figure a gimmick."

"Well, we sure as hell can't go around the side of this hill," said Lupinski.

"We couldn't get away with sneaking up the hill, what with having to climb on top of those rocks," said another man.

AND we can't wait until dark," said Carson.

"We'll have to leap-frog it," said O'Crane. "Half you guys cover the other half when we go over each step of rocks. You'll just have to pour fire into those ports and make the Reds keep their heads down."

"If we had two BAR's we could do it okay," said Lupinski, "but just with this one here, how we going to pour a lot of lead up there?"

"You and Piersall will pass it back and forth to one another. Wait until the last man of each group is over the side, then pass it to the other guy, who'll be waiting for it. He drops over the side. You reload it while you're running. Once you land, run like hell. Those Commies are going to spot that BAR and try to knock it out. They won't bother with the carbines so much. I want to keep them firing, too—fast!"

The men nodded silent approval and split up into two groups.

A round of anti-tank gunfire surged down on us and exploded a few yards away.

"Now!" shouted O'Crane as the huge pall of smoke from the explosion drifted over us.

Almost instantly, the deep roar of the BAR ripped out into the afternoon air, interspersed with the light, barking cracks of the carbines. Working swiftly, O'Crane and two other men scampered over the soot-covered rocks and disappeared on the other side. Piersall climbed on top of the rock next to Lupinski. When the weapon stopped roaring, the youngster reached down and grabbing it by the bipod he slid out of sight.

We could hear the footsteps as the men scattered. There was a long, quiet moment, then the air was filled with racket as the machine gun and the anti-tank weapons opened up from the pillbox.

For long minutes, the Communists vented their wrath by pouring the fire down on us wildly. Then, finally, their fire hesitated and stopped.

There was a flutter on the rocks a sawtooth above us, then we could make out the figure of Piersall flattening himself against the rocky wall a step ahead of us. Carefully, he placed his Browning in a small crack in the rocks. Seconds later it was roaring loudly, its tracers streaking toward the ports of the pillbox.

WE scampered over our step of rocks, and while the firing continued, we passed the other men and dropped into the little revetment in the saw-tooth "valley" ahead of them.

The moment the boys behind us stopped firing, the Communists opened up with their fire. They were mad now, and they fired wildly, not stopping to look for targets, but firing blindly in a vain attempt at hitting us.

The moment they halted to reload or to allow their weapons to cool, the men of the squad started up their chatter of fire and renewed their checkerboard advance. Soon we were on the last step

before the rocky shelf of the crest that sloped sharply toward the pillbox.

We huddled together once more before making the last, final dash toward the brooding ports of the fortification.

"Keep your fire going into that pillbox," instructed O'Crane. "Lupinski and Piersall take the point with the BAR and keep it rockin' into those ports. The only way we'll get to knock that thing out is to get close enough to lob grenades inside."

LUPINSKI lifted his weapon and pointed it in the direction of the crest. With a sudden jump, he leaped from the protection of the rocks onto the shale-covered slope, his finger simultaneously tightening on the trigger. His BAR started roaring. Almost instantly an answering, chattering roar bit out from the unseen top of the hill.

The other men had been crouched, preparing to follow the BAR man. But now, they hesitated. Lupinski spun around as if he had been struck a fierce blow in the chest. He stiffened, his rifle throwing a streak of venomous red flame that stopped abruptly as he crumpled and slid disjointedly back down the ledge, the bipod of the BAR raking agonizingly through the shale.

O'Crane straightened out Lupinski's legs and shielded his eyes from the sun. "It don't hurt!" the wounded man cried out amazingly, a stream of blood issuing from his shoulder. "It don't hurt a God-dam bit. Just like somebody pushed me. It don't hurt, honest-to-God." He made a grimacing attempt at a reassuring smile.

Piersall had picked up the BAR, ejected a few shells and tested the breech. "It's okay," he said bashfully, with an attempt at a self-conscious grin.

Robbins slipped a bandage under Lupinski's fatigue jacket and eased his mangled shoulder to the ground. Another man lit a cigarette and put it to the BAR man's lips. The boy inhaled deeply and seemed to relax. The moment he did, his eyes flew open and his mouth jerked wide. A scream started down in his throat, but it stopped as he bit through the pain and fought his mouth closed.

"Take it easy," O'Crane said softly. "It's like that, you don't feel it at first and then it hits you."

The boy tensed, drawing his knees up under him. Suddenly, the small ledge shook and roared as a shell ripped into it from the pillbox. It was followed by another a moment later. Quickly, two of the men grabbed Lupinski and dragged him down the small crevasse.

"Okay, you guys," O'Crane shouted, "let's make it this time!" He started to launch himself over the rocks.

WAIT a minute," shouted Lupinski in a pain-wracked voice. "There's a guy with a burp gun . . . on top of that pillbox . . . somebody will have to get him . . . while you're keeping the ones inside quiet."

O'Crane shouted an order to Piersall. "Keep that BAR going into the ports. We'll take the bastard on top." He plucked a grenade from his belt, pulled the pin and lobbed it over the rocks toward the crest of the hill. A moment



later an explosion ripped out, sending a blossoming plume of white phosphorus surging into the sky.

He waved his arm toward his men. "That'll keep their attention for a minute. Let's go!"

WE scampered up on the shelf, the Browning in Piersall's hands sending a throbbing drumbeat of death into the pillbox, the smaller carbines barking pugnaciously toward the sandbagged roof of the shelter.

Through the foggy cloud of grenade smoke that now sifted lazily away from the front of the fortification, we could make out the black holes in the side that allowed the Red guns to rip into us. Somewhere on top of the shelter was the man who could prevent us from reaching the comparative security of the walls of the pillbox itself.

A splattering flash of fire streaked from the roof of the shelter with a deep, authoritative roar. Immediately, the carbines barked, in answer, jerking as they spat their defiance of the Red gun.

Piersall had been throwing short, rapid-fire bursts into the black ports of the pillbox, timing them to the same length of time it took him to eject an empty magazine and insert a new one.

The fire from the burp gun on the pillbox halted for a moment, then the muzzle turned slowly and deliberately toward the Corporal. Suddenly it roared. O'Crane's knees seemed to buckle. He sagged back, rocked forward, stumbled like a drunken man through the shale. The gun roared again and the Corporal doubled up, pitched forward on his face, rolled over slowly, started to slide down the hill, his hands trying to claw into the dirt.

Piersall dropped to his knee and lifted the BAR to his shoulder. The gun roared a long, steady, outraged chatter of fire toward the roof of the pillbox. Seconds later, a sprawling, clawing figure slid from the roof, landed on the sloping shelf, slid down towards us, his burp gun sliding after him along the rocky slope with a metallic screech.

Suddenly Carson was standing between

two of the ports. An arm emerged slowly from a hole and a pistol turned uncertainly toward the GI figure that flattened itself between the two blank eyes.

Bringing his foot up slowly, Carson slammed it down on the wrist of the arm, pinning the hand to the sloping ledge. He bent down, hooked the ring of a grenade over the finger of the trapped hand and jerked hard. The pin came out of the missile. Carefully turning the grenade within his hand, Carson allowed the handle to flip off. He held it for a moment, then he lobbed it inside the pillbox, at the same time stepping back against the sandbagged exterior.

THERE was a muffled roar and a huge stream of smoke poured from the ports. Quickly, Carson threw another grenade inside the pillbox. Seconds later tongues of flame were licking out of the ports along with a stream of smoke and white-phosphorus.

"That's it," he shouted joyously. "That's it! Tokyo, here ah come!"

Our 30 minutes in hell were over. ●



JUNGLE JUMP!

Continued from page 27

lying on my back and swinging in a giant swing with a dozen little people hopping around on me. Twisting my head slowly from side to side I struggled to force my brain back into operation. When I realized consciousness had actually returned I let out a yell. The giant swing was real and swarming around over me were no less than a dozen little capuchins—the type of monkeys so popular with organ grinders.

My wild yell sent the monkeys scurrying and slowly I began disentangling myself from the shroud lines, almost dreading to see how far above the ground I had stopped. When I could twist my head around enough to see I almost jumped. The floor of the jungle was not more than three feet below.

SLIDING out of my harness I stood upright on the ground and looked around. I became aware of a throbbing ache in the back of my head and exploring fingers revealed a big knot. There was a bad scratch on my left leg, but nothing seemed to be broken. Suddenly, I thought about Juan. Where was he? Had he made it down all right, or had he not been as lucky as I? Cupping my hands I shouted his name.

The sound of my voice was weak and small in the monstrous tangled jungle surrounding me. Again I shouted, but the only reply that came back above the monotonous strumming of billions of insects was the raucous squawk of a huge-billed toucan as he changed position from one low limb to another.

All at once a feeling of absolute and

dismal loneliness closed in around me. It was not the fear of the jungles themselves, or the creatures I knew were nearby. I had spent too much time exploring this part of the world to dread these tangible things. It was something else, and as I stood there, my hands still cupped to my mouth, I realized it was the fact that I was lost. More hopelessly lost than I had ever been on any occasion before. Always, I had entered the jungles either on foot or by boat, and while often I had been turned around for a while there was always the realization that the possibility of back-tracking was with me. Now, however, it was different. I had suddenly been dumped into a section about which I knew practically nothing, and what was more, I had no map or compass. Before taking off from La Luz I had stuffed my .38 revolver in the map case beneath the seat in the front cockpit. The only thing I had with me that could possibly be of any value was the sheath knife on my belt.

WALKING over to a large fallen mahogany I sat down on the trunk and tried to recall in which direction I had seen Juan's chute collapse on the jungle top. The chances were good that he had come down somewhere within a radius of one mile from my location, but a mile in the jungles is often equal to 30 in open country. As I sat there, engrossed in the hopelessness of my predicament, the sound of three shots suddenly cracked against my ears.

Scrambling to a standing position on top of the mighty mahogany log I began

calling again. There was no doubt about it now, Juan was alive and the shots had come from his .45 automatic. Where only a moment before there had been nothing but despair, I felt a sudden feeling of elation. I shouted louder and louder until the inside of my throat felt raw. Then, straining my ears against the hum of insects, I heard Juan's voice, muffled and far away.

Cutting a tarro pole to use as a staff, I began slowly walking in the direction I thought his voice had come from. Progress was maddeningly slow, and time after time I could take only a step or two before I had to cut off sharply to the right or left to avoid some dense cluster of vine-tangled brambles or a slime covered pool.

I had been picking my way for perhaps 15 minutes when I was confronted by the upturned roots of a giant wind-thrown tree. I decided to climb to the top of this obstruction to see if I could map out a straight course. Reaching out with my right hand I took a firm grasp on one of the roots to pull myself up into the dense network when out of the tail of my eye I saw something move. For a brief moment I stared at the spot, trying to make out what it was that I had seen. Again it moved and with a wild yell I jumped backward, stumbled and scrambled to my feet.

Cascabela muda! The bushmaster, or silent rattler, largest and most pugnacious of all poisonous snakes in the whole western hemisphere. For a long moment I watched the heavy, thick-bodied reptile slide out from the root fort that I had inadvertently invaded. He was coming straight toward me. Spinning around I started to run, but my foot snagged beneath a vine and I fell flat on the ground.

Running was out of the question. On fairly smooth ground a man can easily outdistance a bushmaster, but in his own element of interlacing vines and bushes the snake would definitely be the winner. Bracing my feet, I brought the tarro pole up and crashed it down on the

snake one time after another. When the reptile had ceased his violent hissing and striking I stood there panting and feeling my sweat-soaked shirt pasted cold against my back. The thought of what would have happened had I failed to see the bushmaster in time haunted me, so did the knowledge of the presence of others of his kind.

SLOWLY, scanning every inch of the tangle ahead, I again began making my way toward Juan. It was slow going and a full two hours passed before I reached him.

"It's my ankle," Juan said as I broke into the small clearing where he sat with his back propped against a *lignum-vitae*. "I snagged my chute harness in the cockpit and almost didn't get out in time. I was swinging like a pendulum when I hit the top branches of the trees. I'm afraid my ankle is broken."

Carefully working Juan's boot off, I examined his ankle. "I think it's sprained instead of broken," I said, "but you won't be able to walk out of here. Do you have any idea where the plane went in?"

"Not as far away as you might imagine," Juan answered, wincing at a sudden stab of pain. "Remember, I rode it almost all the way down."

Carefully we began to formulate a plan. As well as he could figure, Juan had seen the plane go into the tree tops a few hundred yards due east of the spot where we were resting.

"If you will get me a supply of wood for a fire tonight I can wrap up in my parachute and make out all right for a while. You can try to find the plane. If it didn't burn there will be maps, a pocket compass, canteen and a few other things that will help you on your way out. I'll stay here until you get back."

The thought of leaving Juan in his injured condition and without supplies was decidedly distasteful. On the other hand, I knew that I could not, no matter how great the desire, carry him out.

"I'll carry you to the plane and then try to get to the Hiyas River," I promised. "If I do, I'll be able to get down to the little village of Muleculus. There I'll get a party together and come back for you."

Juan had been almost dead right in his calculations and we found the plane without difficulty. It was virtually demolished, but what was left of it had not burned. Making our way over to the wreckage I eased Juan to the ground and began digging out the maps which were so badly needed to get out of the jungle and further still, get to some form of civilization in time to get help back to Juan. Suddenly, I heard Juan call my name and stood up to look his way. What I saw caused ice water to begin flowing through my veins. We were completely surrounded by Indians.

For a long moment I stood there, my eyes traveling from first one stoic face to another. There was no sign of hostility from any of the two dozen brown men, but neither was there any sign of friendliness. On numerous occasions before I had met and talked with Central American Indians, but for the most part these had been those who lived near the coast. The party that surrounded us by the plane were forest Indians. Generation after generation of whites had mistreated them, robbed, pillaged, enslaved and cheated them out of their land and wealth: I knew there was no love between these Sumus Indians and members of the white race.

"Can you talk to them?" I asked Juan. "I'm afraid I can't," he answered.

"I wish I could decide what they want."

Each of the men carried some form of a weapon, such as a spear, machete, or bow and arrows. I guessed they were on a hunting trip and had either seen our plane fall or happened to stumble upon it. Slowly, being careful not to show any sudden motion, I held up my right hand in the conventional sign of greeting. No one moved, and after a moment I lowered my arm.

"Why bird fall from sky?"

The sound of the strange voice speaking a language I could understand had come from behind me. I swung around and faced a stocky member of the party who had stepped forward, a spear tightly clutched in his right hand.

"Bird die in air," I said. "Now my friend has bad leg and I must carry him to village."

"Mabbe you die like bird," the Indian replied, his face expressionless.

How he meant that remark as a question or statement? I decided to chance a long shot and see. "Not if two of your men help me," I replied.

FOUR be better," was the unexpected return. "Mabbe then sometime you come back with well bird and take me up in air."

"It's a deal," I laughed, nodding my head vigorously. "Sometime when I have a well bird and can find a place near here to light I will take you for a ride."

Three days later our party arrived at the little village of Moleculus on the Hiyas River. At the trading store I bought each of the Indians a pocket knife and other gifts and sent duplicates back to their chief. Still waiting to be fulfilled is the promise to return with a "well bird" and take a Sumus Indian for a ride in the sky.



I WAS A GOLD SMUGGLER

Continued from page 41

false bottoms of my suitcases had been loaded with shipments of "hot gold." Other couriers were smuggling the lure across by stashing it in the upholstery, grease drums or engines of tourist cars, in cans of lubricating oil and chicken fat, in built-up heels of shoes, in hat-bands and even inside women's brassières.

AS I sat in Gimpy's crude cabin, waiting to pick up my "order," I kept reflecting on how smoothly the entire racket was working and how simple it was to fool the Customs inspectors, both at the Canadian-U. S. boundary and at the exit points for Europe, South America and Asia. "Just a few more trips abroad and I'll have enough socked away to take life easy for the next 10 years," I boasted to Gimpy.

Gimpy, like myself, was a middle-man

in the gold racket. He worked closely with miners who cheated the companies that employed them by looting gold from the underground. They brought up raw nuggets in specially-built false teeth, in the false bottoms of lunch pails, in plugs of tobacco, bars of soap, hand-rolled cigarettes, the locks of their hair and even the openings of their body.

Once the miners had stored away a sizeable number of stolen nuggets, they would sell them to men like Gimpy for \$12.00 an ounce. Gimpy's farmhouse was a front for a small illegal refinery which was set up in the basement. To refine the raw gold, he would heat it over a coke fire, pulverize it with mortar and pestle, then refine it into a crucible, with the pure gold separated from the impurities. The finished product always came out in the shape of a rounded muffin, which

in the smuggling trade was known colloquially as a "button." The refining process set off a very foul and powerful odor. In fact, the stench made my stomach do nips-ups all over again.

"How come the police around here don't know what you're doing?" I asked Gimpy. "You'd think they could smell you 50 miles away."

"Don't worry about the police," the refiner told me. "They're getting good money not to notice things. Almost everybody in these mining towns is mixed up in gold thievery one way or another. That's why we never have a real crack-down. I'll bet the Timmins police know exactly what you're in town for, but they won't bother you for a minute."

When I left the farmhouse, there were six "buttons" wedged in the false bottom of one suitcase. Each button contained

about 22 carats of the highest-grade pure gold—which made it of priceless value in black market trading. I made the trip back to my hotel in Timmins without incident, and the next morning drove to Montreal. When I arrived there, I kept another rendezvous—with a jewelry manufacturer in one of the most fashionable offices in town.

This manufacturer obtained gold legally from the government on the pretense that he was using it to manufacture watches. Actually, he contributed the gold to the smuggling ring at a tidy profit to himself. I had a second suitcase with a false bottom to receive the 12 bars of gold which the jeweler had hidden in his office. After making my pickup, I continued my journey until I reached the town of Phillipsburg, close to the Vermont border. The ring had a contact man there who would provide me with the necessary fur trimming supplies to make my "business trip" look authentic in the event the Customs men at the border checked through my luggage.

The contact man had disturbing news to report. Secret Service agents in Boston, apparently operating on a tip from a stool pigeon, had arrested two members of our organization. The arrest had alerted all Customs men to keep a sharp lookout for smugglers at the border.

"I don't think you've got anything to worry about though," the contact man said. "It's a very small border post here and nothing ever seems to happen, so the Customs boys are pretty easy going."

The next morning, I packed my luggage in the hired car and drove to the border post. Only two Customs men were on duty and there was nobody on line ahead of me. One of the men asked me to bring my suitcases inside. As he poked through my belongings, I made small chit-chat about the weather, the international situation, and the pennant race. His search was a brief one and he seemed well satisfied, but suddenly he lifted one of my suitcases and gave me an odd look.

"Awfully heavy, isn't it?" he asked.

"YES, it is," I told him. "I do a lot of traveling so I had an extra-heavy case made to order. It can take a lot of wear and tear."

He told me to wait a moment while he checked something in the next room. His partner followed him out. I picked out a chair and sat down, trying to convince myself there was nothing to worry about. Five minutes passed, then 10. There was a low murmur of voices in the next room, but I couldn't make out what was being said. Then I did manage to hear one of them pick up the telephone. A sharp wave of apprehension swept over me. What if the two arrested men had given the authorities descriptions of all the couriers in the ring! In my career as a smuggler, I had learned to cultivate a sixth sense about approaching danger. Suddenly, I knew I had to get away—and fast.

I grabbed both suitcases and quietly stole out of the room. I knew I had no chance to get the car over the border, so I started to walk swiftly toward a nearby thicket of woods. I barely reached the edge of the woods when the Customs men



"You meet lots of girls on this job, but they're all cross-eyed."

came bursting out of the office. They shouted at me to come back, but I kept right on going. They started after me and I plunged into the woods. There was a sharp crackling sound and a bullet tore into the bark of a nearby tree. *Crack! Crack!* Both Customs men had opened fire. A bullet kicked up dirt at my feet. Another tore off a branch five feet above me.

I RACED deeper into the woods, heedless of the brambles that tore at my face and drew ribbons of blood from my cheeks. The suitcases were so heavy that my breath came in short, asthmatic pants, and I could scarcely keep from toppling forward on my face. Raw fear seemed to inspire me with new waves of strength, however, and I kept moving forward. Each time I seemed on the point of final collapse, another ounce of wind came pouring into my lungs from some unknown source. I staggered on blindly, until the shouts of the Customs men were completely swallowed up by the forest. Then I sprawled out on the ground in utter exhaustion.

I lay motionless for nearly an hour. When I got up again the first terrible pangs of fright had disappeared, and I was able to give some direction to my thoughts. My first instinct was to thread my way through the woods until I came out on the U. S. side of the border. Then I decided that the Customs men would be expecting me to do just that—I went the other way. After a few hours, I found myself near Phillipsburg again. I waited for darkness, then slipped out of the woods and made my way through the sleeping village to my contact's home.

The contact man advised me to lay low for a few days until he scouted the situation. I didn't budge out of his house for five days and at the end of that time he arranged to get me across the boundary by using an old European trick. A farmer,

willing to keep his mouth shut for a price, agreed to hide me in his hay wagon. The next morning, I was stuffed under a mound of hay, along with my suitcase, and the farmer took me without incident past the Customs guards and into Vermont. He drove me for a few miles through U. S. territory and then let me out on the highway. The first car that came along gave me a lift and by nightfall I was in New York City.

The first part of my job had been completed, but the gold still had to be transported to Europe for the payoff on the black market. "Big Ed" Martin, who was one of the leaders of the ring, advised me to hole up in a small hotel owned by a friend of his. The suitcases were stashed away in public lockers—which are one of the best and most conspicuously inconspicuous places to hide loot, as many a smuggler will tell you.

I MOPED around the hotel for nearly a week until "Big Ed" called me. "Things are a little quieter, Stan," he said. "I think it's okay for you to make the flight to Paris now, but you'd better disguise your appearance a little, just to be on the safe side."

I dyed my hair and grew a moustache. It took a few weeks for the brush to sprout properly, but when it did, I bought a round-trip ticket to Paris on a TWA plane. This time, however, the ring had no intention of allowing me to keep the gold in the suitcases. They hit on the idea of secreting the lucre in a plaster cast on my leg! I had to practice hobbling around with a cane so I could play the part of a man who had injured his leg in a fall. The cast looked like any other cast from the outside; inside, however, a hollow had been ingeniously constructed to store the buttons I had picked up in Timmins and some of the bars I had acquired in Montreal.

It seemed foolproof—and it nearly was.

When I got to La Guardia Field, the Customs men were solicitude itself. They took my arm when they thought I might fall, helped me to a seat, and even advised me how to take care of my banged-up leg. I got quite a chuckle out of that. Their check-up of my bags was quite thorough; apparently they were still keeping a weather eye peeled for the gold smugglers.

When their inspection was completed, I was given a clean bill of health. Now there was nothing to worry about. I walked slowly toward my plane, carefully accentuating the hobble. Just then a cart loaded with luggage went past me and I noticed that it was heading straight for a woman a few feet away. The porter couldn't see in front of him because the luggage was piled six feet high.

"Look out!" I called. The girl was engrossed in a newspaper and didn't hear me. Instinctively, I darted forward and pushed her out of the way.

"**H**OW dare you!" she snapped. When she realized I'd saved her from an accident, she gushed over with thank-yous. It was only then that I realized with a sense of horror what I had done. In my misguided moment of chivalry, I had clean forgotten to play the part of a cripple for the moment!

The odds should have been 100-1 against the possibility that the Customs men would be looking at me that very minute. This time, however, the long shot came in. One alert Customs agent had been watching me very closely. I discovered later, that despite my moustache and dyed hair, the Customs men had noticed that my appearance fitted in a general way the description provided by their agents at the Vermont border. When I made my faux pas, their suspicions were really aroused. I was quickly taken into custody.

While I blustered that they were committing an outrage and that I had nothing to hide, they tore open the bottoms of my luggage—and found nothing. Then however, they insisted on taking a look at my plaster cast. I screamed bloody murder, and warned them that they'd face a suit for persecuting a cripple. They didn't scare easily. A knife tore open the cast and the yellow lucre that would have brought me a fortune in Paris poured out on the floor. My joy ride on the gold gravy train was over—and all because I had been fool enough to play knight to a blonde I had never met before and would never see again!

By agreeing to turn State's evidence I helped the government break the ring and round up Big Ed and all the others. As a result, I got off with a six-month jail term. I can't deny that one of the reasons I decided to talk was to save myself from a five-year stretch. But another reason was a talk I had in the U. S. Attorney's office. I learned for the first time the real international effects of the gold smuggling racket; how the Communists were using it for their own ends. When I got all the dope I saw a little "red" myself. I may have tried to make some illegal money by breaking federal laws, but I wasn't going to be helping those gangsters in the Kremlin for all the gold in Captain Kidd's treasure chest! ●



CID boys are watching pretty closely and I can't get the food to them."

You decide to play it smart. "Where do you get the canned stuff?"

But Joe doesn't flinch. His eyes are frank and unashamed. "I buy them from a mess sergeant who pads his ration books some way. Nobody suffers."

"Why not?" you ask yourself. You know what inflation has done, how frozen wages force the Japanese to all extremes. You're just doing a favor for a friend and a couple of kids who might go hungry if you didn't. And there's a twinge of excitement in it, too. You like that.

The first day. You remember it very clearly, the grey fog over the canals, the squat, flat boats swarming with kids on the black water. You walk slowly, stopping every few feet to watch for any signs of uniforms and M.P. arm bands. Up ahead of you is the looming hulk of a broken building, bombed out, twisted iron girders looking like an immense black spider web against the sky. Beyond it is a stone wall and you lean on it for a while, smoking and watching. Then at one o'clock you reach behind the wall and your fingers touch the black bag you know is there.

YOU trust Joe, but you still look inside the bag. Prunes, spinach, corn . . . You close it and snap the catch, then climb onto the military coach for Koïwa. That's how it all begins. One week an M.P. whistles at you in a railway station and starts running toward you, but you duck in one door of a military coach and out the other side and lose yourself in the crowd, your breath pushing in your throat, your heart pounding like you just ran a 100-yard dash.

Then one week, it's different. You decide to slip a couple of candy bars in for the kids and you imagine how surprised they'll be when they open the bag and find the candy. But it's you who gets the surprise. There's no one on the coach except a lieutenant drowsing up ahead, but you snap the bag shut and feel the cold sweat popping out on your forehead. There aren't canned goods in the bag any more. Penicillin. All wrapped up in vials of glass that glitter at you like so many cylindrical teeth. All at once, something gnaws at the bit of your stomach, and you feel like smashing a fist into the face of a guy named Joe. At the next station, you get off and wait for a returning train, anger grinding away at your insides. Sucker! Your mind echoes the word.

Then you wait for Joe, the bag tucked in your footlocker, smoking cigarette after cigarette. And when he comes, you don't let him have it right away. You suggest a walk and he agrees, then you cross a winding thoroughfare into the dark and sprawling trees of a large park. He is talking now, laughing about something, but

THE GI WITH THE BLACK VALISE

Continued from page 25

you don't hear his words. Your fists are clenching, and once you've passed beyond the first tier of shadows, you grab his shoulder and when he spins around you let him have it. Your fist aches where his sharp chin smashes against it. Then you stand there, breathing heavily, feeling a little sorry for having hit him without warning.

He gets up slowly, and you expect him to fight but he doesn't. He sits down on a park bench and rubs the back of his hand over the cut on his chin. There's a gleam of despair in his eyes and in his voice. "I had it coming," he says slowly. "I should have told you about the medicine. But it had to get through and you were the only one who could take it."

You sit down on the bench now, and as his voice drones on, low in the warm night, you begin to feel like a heel. The penicillin had come from a medical supply depot and was destined for a Japanese doctor in the country. He doesn't have any medical supplies and you know what that means. You've seen too much of this bombed-out country not to know—kids playing with open sores on their bodies, things so grisly you don't want to think about them.

And that's that. There isn't any mention of the black bag, but you know that you'll keep on carrying it. But now you really begin to sweat. The fog rolling in off Tokyo Bay has in it a hundred thousand forms, all of them waiting for you. But there are compensations now, too. Once a week, Joe leaves a little envelope full of yen under your mattress that you can save toward a high-powered camera or a high-powered binge. And when you walk along the Ginza and see some poor devil limping along on a crutch with only one stub for a leg, you think that somewhere in these crawling islands there's a man who's better off for your carrying the stuff.

But you can't kid yourself now. You're deep in the business, neck-deep. If you get caught with the bag, there's no way out. The stockades are full of black marketeers who had better stories.

Summer comes, and it's hot. You sweat even more now, especially when the first sergeant calls you to the orderly room. He sits there and doesn't look at you and your insides turn to water.

"The old man wants to see you."

"What about?"

He shrugs and turns his attention to a pile of papers on the desk. You wonder if somewhere in those papers there isn't one concerning you, a paper that might very well spell disaster beside your name. You knock on the door to the major's office and salute when you go in. He throws you a half hearted salute and just sits there, a big beefy man with a build like an all-American blockbuster.

"Sit down," he says. His fingers toy with

a letter opener carved like a dragon, and he looks out the window across the supply yard when he talks to you. "We've had our eye on you for some time," he says. The dragon with the sharp tail digs beneath his fingernails and you grow rigid, waiting for the axe to fall.

"I've decided to make you my orderly," he says. "You'll have a staff rating." That's all, just a few words delivered in a matter-of-fact voice, but you don't seem to hear it. You've been expecting something else, and this doesn't make sense, not until he wheels around in his chair and smiles. "You might be able to pick up some extra money, too." His stubby fingers tap the letter opener on the edge of the desk and his bushy eyebrows lift. "Play ball?"

His eyes are on your face and they're cold, even though his mouth is smiling. Now you know. All the pieces fall into place. The major is in this business someplace, too. And you know that his question is stupid, that he already knows everything and that there isn't any way you can't play ball. He's the umpire as well as the pitcher in this ball game.

"Yes, sir," you say softly. But as you leave the orderly room, you feel like you want to throw up, even when the guys in the barracks are crowding around, kidding you about the jump from a Pfc. to a Staff.

YOU move to a private room away from the barracks and you wait and think. You wonder what's going on behind the broad, bland face of the major, where he intends to use you, when he's going to make his pitch. A week creeps by while you work on official forms and drive the major around. Then it comes.

One evening when you're turning things over to the Charge of Quarters, the major stalks out of his office.

"Sergeant," he says. "You busy tonight?"

You bring around a jeep and pick him up. The streets of Tokyo unwind in front of your headlights, and his voice directs you through parts of this ancient city of Edo you've never seen before. The streets grow narrower and kimonoed shadows leap from the path that your horn clears in the streets. You turn. The narrow alley is flanked by high bamboo walls, and from somewhere in the warm night comes the haunting twang of a koto and the broken wailing of a singer.

"Stop here," the major says. You wait until a gate opens in the high fence, then you wheel inside. In front of you is a dark, two-storied house with sliding walls, ancient and immense. You kick off your shoes as the major opens a door into a long hallway, and the hardwood floor seems to cushion your feet as you pad along behind him, down a corridor lined with translucent screens.

Then the major slides open a panel and you're in a room, a long room with a glass wall overlooking a river, a low table set in the middle of the tatami mats, loaded with food, and three Japanese. One of them is an old man with a wrinkled leather face. Beside him is a woman, her black lacquered hair piled high, her face powdered to an almost pure white. The third person is Joe.

"Surprised?" says Joe. He stands up and you shake hands. As you sit down on one of the silken cushions around the table, you watch the major talking Japanese with the old man, but you don't catch any of the words.

"Pretty fine dump, eh?" Joe grins.

"What in hell is it?"

"The finest Geisha house in Tokyo." He scratches the edge of his mouth and nods his head at the old man. "He owns it."

You don't say anything. You just sit and wonder how carrying a black bag full of canned goods got parlayed into a trip to a Geisha house and a scene straight out of medieval Japan. Then the girls come in. You've seen women before but none like these. They stand there, dressed in brocaded kimonos, exquisitely feminine. One of them sits beside you. You smell her perfume and you want to look at her to get your mind off this business of 100-yen notes. But you don't, because at the head of the table, the major is talking to the old man and the leathery face is bobbing up and down.

Joe touches your arm. "The old man's the number one boy in this part of Japan. Controls the police in Tokyo, Osaka and Yokohama." He opens his mouth for a sharp daikon pickle that the Geisha beside him is trying to feed him, and his prominent Adam's apple bobs grotesquely.

"What gives with the major?" you say.

Joe's long forefinger jabs the air toward you. "You stick with him. He's a hot man. Deals in cases of stuff—cigarettes, liquor, penicillin . . ."

It doesn't seem possible. You've heard of the big boys in the market, but it doesn't seem possible that the head of your outfit can be one. The wrinkled little man with the bright eyes looks more like an oriental grandfather than he does a racketeer. It's a study in grotesque, and you begin to get uneasy now, knowing that you're caught in a big squeeze, in too deep to get it out.

"How does the major get paid off?"

"Big boy," Joe says, smiling at the Geisha. "Pearls." His teeth bite into a piece of raw fish. "He gets pearls; they're smuggled to Shanghai, converted to American dollars and sent to the major's bank

account in the states, under a different name."

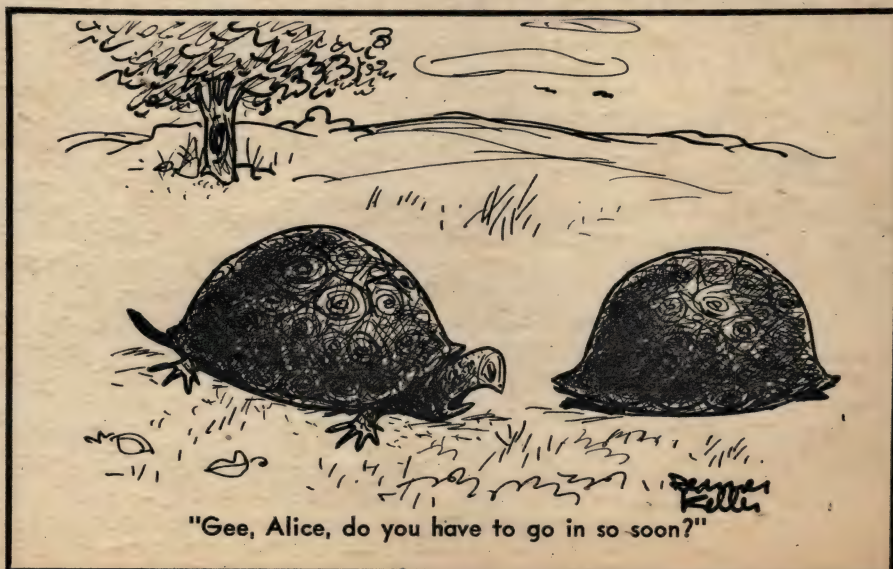
But you still don't see and you still don't believe. All of this seems too fantastic to be happening to you. Even when you get out of the room filled with the ancient perfume of a Japan that doesn't exist any more, you can't get rid of the confused doubt that hangs over you. The major's voice drones out the part you'll eventually play as a truck driver to deliver the contraband. You'll get 1000 American dollars a month, payable to an account in the states. But above the major's voice, you hear Joe humming an inane tune.

AND as you turn to look at him in the front seat beside you, you wonder what part of Joe is thinking about a doctor in the suburbs who needs penicillin, and what part of him is profiteer, thinking about 100-yen notes. You go to bed and try to sleep, feeling that something is terribly wrong.

The next day is Sunday, time for you to take the black bag and head for Koiwa again. This time you pick it up in back of the ricksha stand across from the Ernie Pyle Theater. Then you climb aboard the ancient two-wheeled carrier pulled by a little man who starts padding through the streets like an unfeeling animal. You tip him 100 yen when you get to Shim-bashi station and look around before you plunge from the bright sunlight into the ramps that are always dark and cool. It's safer to take a different route each time you carry the bag, and it grows on you like a game. Only you don't know who's playing on the other side.

The military car is full of soldiers going on a Sunday pass. A bunch of Australians up at one end of the car are singing a song about a duck and everybody seems to be happy on this Sunday afternoon. Everybody, that is, but you. There isn't any way out of this long corridor you're walking and you don't know what's waiting for you at the end. You pick up a *Stars and Stripes* from the plush blue seat of the car and try to divert your mind.

Then your eyes catch at the words, and your mind hangs there, stunned by the



"Gee, Alice, do you have to go in so soon?"

black type beneath the headlines. It's all about you, not by name, but you just the same, and it makes your skin crawl. It tells about a case turned up in the Yokohama area where a Japanese died after being treated with diluted penicillin that was stolen from a military hospital and doctored by profiteers for the black market.

That's you. That's what you have in your black bag, death, spelled with a capital "D". You don't change trains at Tokyo Station. You stay on and ride on that big crazy wheel that the tracks make through the ancient city, trying to keep your sanity. Then you get off, you don't know where. But there are canals running through steep stone embankments and bombed ruins everywhere. You follow those canals until it gets dark, then you slip down close to the black water and open the bag. Vial by vial, you empty the damned stuff into the water, then you load the bag with rocks and listen to it gurgle as it sinks beneath the surface.

And it makes you feel good, even though you know that by the time you get back to the barracks, Joe will be waiting and he won't be smiling. You remember news stories of occupation soldiers turning up dead in canals, labeled accidents, by the authorities. And you know that you may be one of them in tomorrow's newspaper. But you don't care now. Maybe it would have been simpler to go ahead and deliver the bag and get rich, finish up your enlistment and go back to the states. But that bag that is rotting down there

in the canal meant death for somebody. Better you than him, whoever he is.

So you catch the train back, and you think about all the places you've never seen and the girls you haven't met yet. You wonder how long it will take them to catch up with you, but you don't care. There's nobody back in the States that particularly cares what happens to you. But as you walk across the park toward the engineering detachment, you feel a clean sense of relief.

You walk through the barracks to your room, then you sit down on your bunk to wait for Joe. You light a cigarette and wonder what his face will look like and what he will say. A soldier comes into the room and bums a cigarette and you want to tell him to get the hell out. But he wants to talk and you're stuck.

"Sarge, you hear what happened?"

YOU don't want to hear any gripes, but you can't stop him.

"They picked up the old man." You see his eyes waiting for the reaction on your face to the major's arrest, and you don't disappoint him.

Your jaw drops open. "What for?"

"Black market. He was a big operator. They took Joe, too. Can you beat that?"

You can't beat it. You can't even imagine it. It seems impossible.

"They've been watching the major for some time. There was supposed to be somebody in the outfit here making deliveries, but according to the M.P.'s, they waited at the other end and the son of a

bitch didn't show up. I could of told 'em there ain't a fellow in this outfit that's sucker enough to mess with that big stuff. A carton of cigarettes, maybe, but big stuff? I could of told 'em."

You can't believe that you're free. When he leaves, you just sit there, a little stunned by the whole business. But there's one thing left to be done. You take the 100-yen notes out of your footlocker and cram them into a shaving kit, then you tuck it under your arm and start walking. The south wind catches at your face as you climb the hill near the darkened elegance of the Akasaka summer palace. Below you, 500 yards away, a crowd mills around a train platform.

You dig your hands deep into the money, then you throw the whole mess into the air and watch the wind catch the bills like autumn leaves. Thirty thousand yen, you can't even remember what you were saving it for. Maybe a moment like this, a moment filled with the laughing shouts of the people as the rain of money falls on them.

You watch for another minute, then you turn back into the darkness. You know you'll never be free again, that your memory will forever be haunted by the story in the newspaper of a man who died. But there is something else in your mind now, a grim knowledge that perhaps someplace in these islands, another GI is listening to a hard-luck story that will start him on the black-market road. And maybe he won't be so lucky in the end.



WE RAIDED A GAMBLING HOUSE

Continued from page 31

room, away from the table. It looked like a simple, clock-like working pinch, but suddenly there was a smash of glass and I noticed the Big Boss was missing. Two cops ran towards the noise.

Just a couple of minutes later, they returned with him. One of his arms was cut and bleeding—he had tried to get through a back window in a hurry. "What good is all this going to do you?" he blustered. "Let me call my lawyer."

ONE of the cops scooped up some of the evidence—chips and money. "We're all going for a ride," he said.

"I'm not going," cried the actress. "Just because we were gambling a little on a Saturday night, you think I'm going to be arrested?"

Her escort said, "Can't I talk to you alone?" to the cop.

The captain in charge of the raid said, "Now look. There's no favoritism. You were all doing something wrong and you're all going to have to pay a fine. It's painless. But you," he turned around to the Boss, "we're going to stick you away for a while. This is your third offense."

He turned to the detective. "We caught him up in Palmdale only a few weeks ago, running a crooked game. Fines don't do any good with these guys. You have to put them in jail and cool them off. They don't care about fines; they can make it back in one night. Where do you get your tables?" he asked. "We smashed the last one."

The boss didn't answer.

"Well," the detective announced, "you can get it all off your chest downtown."

The actress started to cry. Her escort said, "Aw, shut up! I told you we should leave."

The stoutish business man asked a cop, "What makes you think the game was crooked?" I couldn't resist answering.

I picked up each of the dice, holding them up to the light in turn. "Take a look at this," I said, holding the white die to the light. You could see a tiny ball of lead tucked under the ace in the die. "Here's one of your loaded dice," I said, "they throw them in whenever they want them." I tossed it to the detective. "Better take it along for evidence."

Now they had the Boss' arm bandaged

with a napkin. "All right now, let's go," the detective said. He tapped me on the shoulder. "You wait here. We want to talk to you."

The others went out. The detective stayed behind with me. "I didn't want to point you out in front of them," he said. "They might try some reprisals after they get out of jail. Did you get your story?"

"Yes," I answered, "Thanks. How did you know I was Guild?"

HE smiled, "I was stationed under that window there. There was a hole one of the boys had made in the blind earlier today so that we could watch them. I noticed you kept looking at the door. Better be careful of that. Someday you'll tip them off."

"Sorry," I answered. We went down to the station. The players pleaded guilty and paid a \$25 fine each. The Boss and an assistant were held. On the way out, I spoke to the detective again.

"Tell you what I'll do," he said, lighting a cigarette, "I'll bet you anything you like that in a couple of months these same guys are running a crooked game somewhere else. The only way you can stop them is tying them in a bag and dropping it off a dock. They get back to their vocation like a school teacher after a three-month holiday."

He was right. It was about three months later that I noticed a news item that the same two were picked up for running a crooked roulette wheel on the pier at Venice. Anyway, they had the imagination to change their game.



HOW TO OUT-FOX THE WOLF PACK

Continued from page 43

laughs, and they're all on you. So, I give this ball of fire the "deep freeze" treatment. Then, just when I feel he might be taking me too seriously, I thaw a little around the edges—but not too fast! It's seven months from December to June—when the weddings are!

On the straw hat circuit I've run across the LOCAL DRAMA COACH carnivore, a character who labors under the belief that Shakespeare and he will walk hand in hand one day, rewriting Hamlet the way he feels it should be done. Actually, he's a frustrated actor who never made the grade, and is making like the dime novel casting directors. He has an advantage because he produces, casts and directs the local playhouse.

Well, I've got a part for him! I tell him my uncle by marriage is a big agent in Hollywood and is expected to cover the play if I'm in it. He is also, incidentally, interested in signing directors. The guy not only stops molesting me, he pads my part, sings praises and in general destroys himself in an attempt to be charming. (And who knows—maybe an agent *will* cover the play!)

Even your own backyard isn't safe. There's the NEIGHBORLY WOLF. You see him so often you hardly think of him at all; he's just that nice Mr. Man next door. He *does* seem so much friendlier, though, when his wife goes off to see her mother for two weeks. He's the original helping-hand and outstretched-foot character. When the little woman is out of town, I arrange to be unavailable, too...

WHEN you make the move from the country to the city you get into CITY WOLF territory. City slickers are just that—*slick*! Their basic operations are the same as their country cousins', but their method of approach definitely has more finesse...

Take the TYCOON TYPE. Big Mr. Tycoon's conversation will leave you breathless. He drops figures such as seven million — billion — trillion like Duncan Hines drops names. And *oooh*, by the way, you *must* see the view from his penthouse which he had built on top of the 50 story building he just had put up for 90 billion—trillion—zillion.

I tell this guy I can't stand heights; that even when I step off the curb I get dizzy. If he doesn't get it—I yawn!

Other city types:

DOG-WALKING WOLF—Just happens to be free from the little lady for as long as it takes Rover to rove. Only dangerous between the hours of 5:30 P.M. and 8:00 P.M.

THE MANUFACTURER—It seems the man has a complete new line of his merchandise and would be only too glad to send me the whole shebang. But I

just tell him his line about the new line is an old, old line.

THE SOCIALITE—This type is definitely much grander than the others—and this he spends the entire evening telling you! However, it's amazing how positively earthy he can become by the end of the P.M. I let my tinkling laughter indicate that I think his trip over on the *Mayflower* was either a little too much for him, or he's simply having a delicious little joke!

THE PLAYBOY—This boy loves caviar, champagne, El Morocco and me. I know he loves me because he says so constantly. But what is all this talk about "proving" I love him? I tell him where I come from the best proof of love is a marriage license and that I understand the idea is sweeping the country...

I decide to get away from it all—or *them* all. A vacation—two weeks to "loll" about and relax. Relax—ha! Even the resorts have them...

Take the SOCIAL DIRECTOR, he seems to confuse his directions—socially. He thinks the job automatically makes him a member of the family, a confidante, and worse—a romantic possibility. I

quote "familiarity breeds contempt," and nothing else.

THE HUBBY WITH TWO WEEKS' LEAVE I shouldn't have to say a word about, but some of them are so disarming perhaps I'd better. He tells me that he and the little woman believe in separate vacations, and anyway, all hasn't been too well in their household for quite some time—this is to leave me hoping—but he leaves in two weeks anyway.

I JUST tell him, "Isn't the place beautiful, though? Just like the postcards," and run like a thief.

You can also meet the MARRYING KIND at this joint. Yep! There's actually someone who wants to get married on this two-week fling. All you have to be is an heiress. While you're hearing wedding bells chime he's hearing the cash register ring! You guessed it—a fortune hunter. This guy's a cinch. I sigh wistfully about how I'm going to hate returning to my job in Macy's basement soon—and he's off in a cloud of dust...

Hollywood has its brands: **THE PRODUCER**—he's big, dynamic, **IMPOTANT!** When he asks you to dinner you're completely overwhelmed. Fine, that's just what he wants. I let him see that I'm very impressed, especially when he speaks vaguely of a part for me in a future picture of his. In fact, I'm so impressed I have my agent phone him the next day and pin him down!

THE DIRECTOR—"Want you for my next picture"—wants me for himself, he means. I tell him I've already promised myself to the producer.

THE WRITER—He wants me to know



he just sold his story to Imperial Pictures and there's a part I'd be just right for; he thinks he might be able to swing it. (If I fall for this one I'll get the part all right—of the fool, which is just the part he had in mind for me, "If he could swing it.")

THE STAR—He screams that the director is lousy, the script stinks, the producer is degenerate and the female star is worse, and everybody's out to get him. He's so glad to meet me because "you're so refreshing!"

I just keep in mind that this lad is a star because he is an actor! I keep him talking about himself, and I find that all I have to contribute to the evening's entertainment is an occasional nod!

SOUTHERN WOLVES are *not* gentlemen. A **SOUTHERN GENTLEMAN** says "you all" and means "we all," that is—"us all" oughta. I tell him his drawl is just delightful, but I can't understand a word of it.

RHETT BUTLER—In the picture Clark Gable was terrific, but the part has taken on varied forms since then. This type can be unbelievably corny.

THE OIL KING—Puts an oil derrick on your charm bracelet, then waits for you to gush. I tell him how wonderful it was of him to give me that oil well and thank him sincerely!

ARISTOCRATICALLY POOR WOLF—The plantation is in shambles, and he looks more like Uncle Tom than the owner. The light bill hasn't been paid for six months, but he's clinging to the old

and glorious Southern way. However, he's ready to share all this with you—if you can afford it.

TELL him my grandpappy was a carpet-bagger in days gone by, and the door is closed flatly in my face.

Some wolves have no territorial limitations. I call them **WOLVES AT LARGE**. Take the **AMERICAN ABROAD**—Paris in the spring, Rome in the fall, and me along would make it best of all, or something like that. The point is I wasn't included in the travel folders and I tell him so.

LONE-WOLF—This lad plays a solitary game. No crowds with him—the quiet spots, the soft music, no friends. They call him the lone-wolf because he wants to be alone—with me! And as long as he likes to be alone so well, I leave him alone!

DOMINATING WOLF—He's going to make me see things his way if it kills me. Wants me to quit acting like Margaret O'Brien and get with it. I tell him to stop acting like one of the Dead-End Kids and get with it!

UNHAPPY WOLF—This wolf is always so depressed. He's worried about the state of the world, the Yankees' pitching and the stock market, and wants me to take his mind off it all. I tell him my troubles and he brightens considerably.

HANDSOME, HANDSOME WOLF—This one just takes it for granted that I'll succumb to him. I always have to brace him for the shock when I say "NO!"

SOPHISTICATED WOLF—It's all a big bore to him, all this fuss made over a little chemical reaction. Personally, he doesn't know what all the shouting is about. He finds it very amusing.

SENTIMENTAL WOLF—Loves "good" music, old prints, gets misty-eyed over poetry. Likes to think of himself as "sensitive." Likes me, too. I put on some tender music, read a few from Byron, and let a tear slip as I softly murmur "NO!"

THE ATHLETE—He's more than willing to forget all about training and the development of his big muscles—so long as he can be in bed by 9:30 P.M. Which is just fine as far as I'm concerned—as long as it's not a package deal.

THE FRENCH WOLF—He says, "C'est la vie," kisses my hand and makes a left-handed grab for my purse. I hold tight to my purse and he grabs for a garter . . .

THE MEXICAN WOLF—He figures that his native combination of hot food and cold nights should drive any girl right into his serape. I buy a Spanish-English dictionary and look up the word "Un-uh!"

THE SWISS WOLF—Wants me to come up to his apartment and study his watchworks; because I know he wouldn't even give me the right time, I don't go.

Well, there it is laddies, the hard, cruel facts. I've got your numbers clutched tight in my hot little fist, and I'm confident they'll see me through any storm . . .

But I have to hurry and get ready now. I have a date tonight with the most wonderful guy . . . That's right—a **WOLF!** ●



MY CARGO RATTLED

Continued from page 6

hunters had seen Big Mama, but had never been able to capture her throughout the years. She weighed about 20 pounds, was as thick as a quart oil can, and had 14 rattles on her tail.

"Let's catch Big Mama and her brood and take them back with us," Irwin suggested eagerly. "We can put her on display at the Rattlesnake Roundup exhibit. She's famous enough to attract plenty of attention from tourists."

"**O**KAY by me," I offered, "but I doubt if we can bag her."

We hadn't come to do any hunting, and we hadn't the necessary equipment for capturing a snake like that. She was too big and could put up too much fight for the inadequate loop snare we carried. I found a forked tree limb and tried to hold the big rattler down so Irwin could slip the snare over her head. Big Mama bucked, jumped, and fought like a Marlin swordfish. It takes a strong arm to hold a big rattler, and one this size is almost impossible to take alive without proper equipment.

Big Mama's strong coils snapped the

tree limb like a match stick. I found a bigger limb and tried again. The snake tightened herself in her slippery coils and struck out at me. I jumped back just in time. She struck several more times. Each time, her long fangs knocked bark from my stick. After struggling with her for about 15 minutes, I finally maneuvered Big Mama into the right position. Irwin slipped the noose over her head just as she reached the end of one of her many strikes.

He tried to hoist her aloft, but she was too big and fought furiously, lashing with her heavy body like a whip. I went around to him to help support the pole with the noose on the end. Together, we worked her into a gunny sack after a hard fight. We had choked her down pretty heavily, and now Big Mama lay quietly in the sack, apparently dead. I hadn't wanted to kill this prize catch. She would have made a good exhibit, but now she was a job for the taxidermist.

The smaller snakes, Big Mama's offspring, were easy to capture. We gathered them into the sack with her and tied the top with a piece of thin twine.

Going up the creek, we charted the good hunting areas we passed. We took turns carrying the heavy sack of snakes and climbed up to the canyon wall. Usually, the best place to find rattlers is just under the rim rock. We found plenty of rattler signs and marked the places they were the thickest throughout Ruby Canyon.

It was getting late, so we decided to start back to Okeene. It was two, hot, foot-slogging miles to the plane. The mud and the weight of the snakes didn't make it any easier.

We placed the sack of rattlesnakes on the floor boards of the plane, between the two cockpits. I cranked up the prop. The muddy road made it rough to take off, but I finally got her in the air. I kept looking for the ancient plane to come to pieces, but apparently she was pretty sturdy, and this gave me an idea.

ONCE aloft, I decided I would pay back Irwin for scaring me half to death with his hand buzzer. I would give him enough scares so that he'd remember his first plane ride for a long time.

I circled and flew over the canyons. Suddenly, I peeled off and shot straight for the neck of the canyon at full throttle and at about 100 feet of altitude. The neck of the canyon is very narrow, not nearly as wide as the wings of a plane. When Irwin saw we were heading straight for it, his eyes got big and he started yelling. Just as we got near the rocks, I rolled her over and sent her down the chasm on her side, roaring like a panther at 150 mph. Irwin closed his eyes so he couldn't see the canyon walls ripping past us only a few feet away.

When the canyon widened out, I rolled back to a normal position and hedge-hopped the cedar trees on the bottom, pulling out at the last second. The canyon makes an "L" turn where the creek at the bottom cuts out toward open country. I pulled a chandelle on the turn and raised her up to an altitude where we could see above the canyon on the turn. After that, I put her down low on Salt Creek, keeping the wheels about a foot or two off the salt.

I made a left bank and got above the canyons. Then, just for the hell of it, I did it all over again. Irwin started yelling for me to stop and let him out. I made him promise never to pull any more practical jokes, such as making like a rattlesnake on a hunt. I took pity on him and pointed the rickety old ship toward Okeene.

About a mile from town, I felt something cold brush against my ankle. My heart leaped to my throat as I thought of the sackful of rattlers on the floor boards near the foot controls. But I knew that couldn't be it. The sack was securely tied. Irwin was up to his old trick of trying to give me a "snake scare," tickling my foot with a stick, which he'd done on the way out. Then, something slithered across my bare ankle.

I ducked my head under the instrument board, hoping to catch Irwin in the act. I'll remember what I saw for the rest of my life. The monstrous diamondback, Big Mama, wasn't dead after all! She had revived and was halfway out of the sack! The string holding the sack closed had broken under the big snake's bulging coils.

HER flat head was brushing close to my leg as she crawled from the sack toward me. I must have been panicky at first, because it was the first time I ever considered making a parachute jump without a parachute.

I froze dead still, too scared to move. The long, heavy rattler kept squirming its way out of the sack. I could feel its cold, sticky body sliding slowly over my outstretched legs. As I sat there, helpless, a cold, sickening sweat broke out all over me. I had to do something—and fast. For if the snake became angry and decided to strike the shock of being bitten by so large a snake might knock me out and cause us to crash to a sure death. If I could only keep from making the rattler mad! I looked under the instrument board again.

This time, I got a bigger scare than ever! The 10 smaller rattlers were trying to get out of the sack all at once, their bodies knotted, and entwined. I

could have stayed out of the way of one snake, but 11 of them—! I could imagine the snakes crawling all over me like maggots on a decaying corpse.

Meantime, Irwin sat calmly in the adjoining forward cockpit, three feet away, unaware of what was happening. I yelled at him as loud as I could. But the drone of the engine drowned out my voice. I kept yelling, but he couldn't hear me.

Finally, I unbuckled myself, stood up, and nudged him on the head. Cutting the throttle, I yelled, "the damned snakes are out of the sack." At the same instant, one of the rattlers passed over his legs. He screamed, unbuckled himself, and jumped up like a movie comedian who has just sat on a hot tack. Next thing I knew, he was climbing out on the wing walk. I was afraid he was hysterical and would jump, or something. But he was just trying to get away from the snakes, who now occupied his seat.

The big rattler moved in closer, like she was trying to crawl into my lap. My nerves wouldn't take it any longer. I jumped up to get out of its way. When I did this the plane, which was badly out of trim, went into a dive. The port side was wing-heavy anyway, and Irwin's weight on it made us go down fast. The dive had started from an altitude of 1200 feet. The ground was looming toward us at a 75-degree angle. We were badly out of control.

Regardless of the rattlers, I sat down again, hit the ignition switch, and jerked back hard on the stick. Being nervous, I made a bad pass at the stick and broke off the handle, cutting three fingers to the bone. I grabbed what was left of the stick and pulled desperately. The old crate nosed up and leveled off just in time to avoid crashing head-on into a paved street. Another 50 feet and we would have had it. I breathed a sigh of relief. That had really been a close one. Then suddenly, I remembered the snakes again. I had momentarily forgotten them in the excitement.

I looked down. The rattlers were all

around me, tangled like a giant mass of spaghetti.

Irwin was still out on the wing, fighting a battle to the finish with the diamondbacks. He had found his camera tripod and was flailing it and screaming like an Oklahoma Indian. I'd swear his screams could have been heard five miles. He would have looked comical if the circumstances hadn't been so grim.

So far, Irwin had succeeded only in knocking out the starboard side of the forward cockpit. The homemade upholstery and cotton flew past me in the slip stream, like confetti at a New Year's ball. Irwin was so frantic he couldn't tell where his blows were falling. Anyway, he hadn't done any damage to the snakes as yet.

When the plane had gained altitude and leveled off again, Big Mama crawled toward me once more. She stopped near the foot controls and began coiling wickedly. The shaking up she had gotten when we went into the dive had made her mad. I pulled back my feet and raised up . . . and just in time, too. The big rattler struck, her flat head spurting forward and her bared fangs reaching for my flesh. She missed only by inches. A numbing chill of fear took possession of me. One rattler out in an open field is bad enough, but when you're closed up in a tight space with 11 of them—brother, you can figure you've just about had it.

BIG Mama pulled back and started coiling again. She was even closer to me than before . . . and this time she couldn't miss me. My reflexes must have acted automatically, for I was too panicky to know what I was doing. I moved the stick and the ship's nose turned downward. The slanting angle of the diving plane sent Big Mama sliding down the floor boards to the firewall just in front of the forward cockpit.

This time Irwin's camera tripod found its range. The sharp points on the ends cut deep into Big Mama's heavy body. He struck several more times, making sure of the kill. Once Irwin found out



the snakes were vulnerable, he gained confidence in himself. He started lashing out at every rattler in sight. The little rattlers had made no effort to strike so far. But now that Irwin had killed the mother, all of them started buzzing and looking for something to sink their fangs into.

Irwin continued to pound away, doing as much damage to the upholstery and seat cushions as he did to the snakes. He managed to smash three or four with the heavy tripod. Then he discovered he could use the hinged tripod poles like a long-handled pair of pincers, and he began picking up the rattlers and tossing them out of the plane. He didn't throw one of them quite far enough and the prop wind almost pushed it into my face. I ducked and the snake went sailing past me and crashed against the tail assembly.

It began to look as if Irwin was winning his battle with the diamondbacks.

He stood on the wing walk, holding on with one hand and using the tripod with the other. Each time a rattler would show himself, Irwin would kill him or toss him out . . . or both. Pretty soon, we couldn't see any more snakes. But there were two or three more still in the plane. They had fallen beneath the floor boards into the shallow belly of the plane.

I didn't feel safe, however. I was still afraid one of those slithering babies would come crawling out from under the boards and take a bite of my leg. I couldn't see my feet, so I kept putting my head under the instrument board to check.

No amount of persuasion would get Irwin to climb back into the forward cockpit. He stood on the wing walk and held on the rest of the way in. I could tell from the grim look on his face that he had taken his last plane ride.

I SET the shabby old ship down on the muddy field and taxied to a stop. Irwin jumped off and hit the ground, running. He got as far away from the jinxed plane as he could. I climbed down and followed, my knees still shaking and trying to buckle under me.

Several cars were parked at the airfield. The curious citizens wanted to know what the air circus and all the noise was about. I hadn't realized we had been putting on such an air show up there above the town. But Irwin's running around out on the wing and tossing dead rattlesnakes onto the town below had attracted a lot of attention. It isn't every day the citizens get so much excitement in Okeene.

Orville von Gulker, president of the International Association of Rattlesnake Hunters and the guy who had sent us out to chart the best hunting areas, came toward us, grinning. "What happened up there?" he wanted to know.

So we told him what had happened up there. He threw back his head and laughed. Everybody thought it was funny—except Irwin and me. We weren't laughing. We turned and started home.

"Are you going on the Rattlesnake Roundup this Sunday, Joe?" von Gulker called challengingly.

"I wouldn't miss it for anything," I said. "Rattlesnake hunting is great . . . providing you don't let them get loose in an airplane with you."

They were still laughing when I left. ●



The Tehachapis are the most treacherous mountains in the world. They're deadly. Those low hills are snuggled warm on top of the San Andreas Fault, the ill-famed earthquake line that ruined San Francisco, nearly 50 years ago. The same fault took a bite out of Santa Barbara some years back, battered Long Beach and Compton in the 30's and shook a \$100,000,000 rubble heap into Bakersfield. It's the same one scheduled to give all of Southern California a year of terror in these months to come.

Exaggeration? One hundred earth shocks in 30 days? That's terror.

LITTLE earthquakes are the easiest things in the world to forget. They give you a little blip; the fronds of the fern in the front room quiver, and they're gone. All you've got left is a few words of comment on the bus riding into work the next morning: "You feel the quake last night?" "Uh-huh."

The little kind we have in Southern California all the time. Get sort of proud of them. Rack them up with tourist attractions along with Hollywood, Bing Crosby, the beaches, smog, the fog and the rain.

The big ones—those are the ones that stick in your mind; the ones you never forget.

I'll remember until I die the scare I got that night on the mountain.

When I was a squirt just out of college with an engineering degree that brought me a lot of satisfaction and darn little money, I worked with a survey gang running a line through the Tehachapis for the Southern Pacific Railroad. So in the middle of July this year, when my 12-year-old started to pester me to go camping, I naturally thought of those big brown mountains waiting out in the sun. My wife was not keen on the idea, but with little Johnny pestering, she gave in.

We loaded up a little tear-drop trailer with gear, hitched it to the car and left Los Angeles about noon of the 20th, taking the Ridge Route 110 miles north to Bakersfield. We got a jolt on the Ridge when we came across a car smash. A big oil truck had caught fire and a passenger car with three people in it had skidded right into the wreckage, roasting the occupants alive. The Ridge Route has a bad reputation. We didn't take it as an omen, just kept going.

We visited a bit in Bakersfield. Warm, muggy day, and those folks we were seeing remarked about "earthquake weather." Doesn't mean a thing; everybody in Southern California has every warm, still day marked out for earthquakes.

EARTHQUAKE

Continued from page 15

Mostly, they don't come, not that day.

So we turned a bit south on Highway 466, down toward Caliente, an old gold-mining town. At dusk, I followed a dirt road far up into a narrow canyon, and we bedded down for the night.

Lonesome out there in the mountains. The wail of a train whistle, and we could hear the hard grinding and pounding of the train as it pulled over the grade. A tough climb through the mountains for the engines. Everyone of them had to have help getting over the Summit. All night long we could hear the trains as they chuffed and whistled into the narrow canyon just beyond us. The tracks wound through four tunnels carved into the rock walls of the mountain.

The car was parked under a big old oak tree. About 12 feet away was a tiny mountain stream hardly two feet wide. It was peaceful; I remember hearing a train whistle, and listening to the faint chuffing noise as the train went in and out of the tunnels. Then I dozed off.

At 4:54 A.M. it came. There was a rumble, then a soft rolling motion. I sat up quick in my sleeping bag. My wife was already awake. Her hand touched mine. She whispered just one word, "Earthquake."

Then the big one hit. A terrific banging blast, just like a cannon barrage. But not from the sky or far away—from right beneath us. Cannon in the cellar. And the noise in that narrow canyon was picked up and tossed back so that it multiplied.

Right behind the noise—or maybe it was the same time, or even before—a man gets confused—the earth started jerking. That's the word: Jerking. It wasn't rolling; it was snapping—up and down, fast. Every motion had a kick to it. You couldn't stand or sit; belly down on the ground, you tossed with every motion.

MY wife was thrown off the sleeping mattress, and I tried to crawl over to her. She held on like she was trying to dig holes in the ground.

There were some cattle herded just beyond us. They started bawling and bellowing, then they took off, wobbling and careening, down the hill.

The noise never stopped. A terrifying, deep-seated noise that no army has ever heard. And the feeling of utter helplessness—that death in some weird form could come at any split second. Dust came up, choking and swirling about. And my boy started hollering for me. "Dad," he yelled. "Dad."

I fought my way over to him, threw

my arm about him, and together we laid face down on the ground, trembling, waiting. The leaves of the oak splattered down on us and dry branches snapped off.

Then it was over. The dust was still swirling in choking clouds; there were new strange noises in the night; but the earth was quiet. And you get that happy, after-feeling of survival. You know you're not going to die—not just yet.

IT WAS just turning to dawn, just enough to see the round tops of the hills taking shape against the sky.

My wife is a practical person. I was all for hopping into the car and getting out, fast. But she pointed out into the darkness. "You don't know what's waiting out there." And she was right. For all we knew, locked off there in the mountains, the whole of Southern California, of Los Angeles, could be a shambles. I knew we had come through the grand-daddy of all earthquakes. I wished desperately I had a radio in the car. If it was the end of Southern California, I wanted to know, quick.

My wife got the gasoline stove going, and the coffee pot bubbling. She and I sat there in a tense calm, forcing ourselves to drink the coffee. My little fellow edged away, exploring.

Then the second shock hit. This time it was a terrific waving motion. I looked immediately for my boy, and I couldn't see him. Then, in the same spot, he re-

appeared, as though riding a wave down at the beach. I started after him, and it was like walking on mush.

But this was a baby shock compared to the first. We tried to laugh it off, but all the while we were waiting for the next. We weren't wasting any time.

I pulled off the junk that had come crashing down on the car from the oak tree, backed away and loaded on our stuff. The little creek that had been two feet wide was rising fast. It was eight feet across, muddy and mean.

We hadn't driven more than 100 yards in the early morning light when we came on a small crack in the ground, two inches wide. I took a chance and gunned across. There were a dozen like that. Then came a big one, 12 inches across. We were licked. I couldn't see the bottom. There wasn't any way in the world of getting that car across; it called for some big 2x12 timbers—and there just weren't any.

But we were getting out if we had to walk—and that's just what we did.

We started scrambling up the side of the mountain, aiming to get over to the railway right-of-way and walk on out to Caliente.

I remembered the train whistling just before the quake, and I grew numb, wondering if a crowded passenger train was somewhere at the bottom of a canyon, or trapped inside one of the tunnels. We climbed over the crest and looked down.

The tunnels had disappeared. The mountains had shifted, and covered them. Bits of shining track were visible, and that was all.

The longest tunnel was 1170 feet, enough to swallow a whole train, but I told myself it couldn't have happened. It just couldn't. Not with hundreds of miles of trackage available. A train just couldn't be unlucky enough to be trapped in one of those tunnels. But we didn't know.

We slid and fell on down the mountainside, on down to the highway, and walked over the rock and rubble to Bealville. And there we met the first maintenance crews of the railroad starting back up the track.

"That train get through?" I demanded.

"NUMBER 55? Yeah, she made it. Up to Allard. But she's stuck there. Tracks shifted out of line. What about you people?"

But all of a sudden we didn't seem important any more. Just three ordinary people, sleeping out on a California mountain, riding out the biggest earthquake since 1906. The important thing was that the train got through safely with minutes to spare. And the sad part of it all was that while we were talking, 12 people were dead across the mountain, in the little town of Tehachapi.

Earthquakes aren't just adventure—they're death. ●



I FLY CARS LOW

Continued from page 23

The accident had been Monday. I awoke Tuesday afternoon weak as an infant. But I was sure it was just a light concussion, nothing serious. I told the show owners I'd play out the final three weeks.

It was a pretty ignorant thing to do, and I'm not proud of it, but I drove our bus all night to Sidney for Friday's performance—and then helped unload. Helped is the wrong word. I was out on my feet, and everything looked flat and one-dimensional, like an old-time movie screen. I was in everyone's way, until Charlie took me in tow and steered me to the hotel.

At about 2 A.M. a pounding on the door set off a pounding in my head, and I woke up. It was somebody or other's birthday, and they wanted me to join the party. I tried to tell them to go away and let me sleep, but it came out funny, slurred and stammering as if I were drunk. My throat felt numb. I couldn't swallow. I half-staggered into the bathroom for water. It helped, but I still

couldn't talk clearly. My company sobered up fast and backed out sheepishly. I fell back into bed, determined to see a doctor first thing in the morning.

The doc gave me the works—hammers, pin-sticking, all kinds of tests. When he finished he gave it to me straight. "Matthews," he said, "you've suffered a brain contusion—much more serious than a concussion. Your brain ruptured when the impact of the crash jarred it against your skull. It bled, but fortunately for you, clotted. However, if you should experience a head shock of any kind, no matter how mild, for the next several months, you may almost certainly die. Leave the show. Catch the first plane home. And do absolutely no work of any kind for the next six months."

IMMEDIATELY, I returned to the hotel to see the business manager. "Well, Mitch," I said, "with luck I'll be in Dallas tomorrow night." I explained the situation.

Mitch took it well, all things consid-

ered, and got on the long-distance phone to call Des Moines, Sioux City, Paterson, anywhere he could think of to smoke out a replacement for me. No luck. Nobody around.

While Mitch was on the phone, I thought things over. I knew if I quit they'd have to cancel the last three weeks. And they'd throw 20 of my buddies out of work. Hell, I could take it easy, shorten my jumps, and coast in. "Mitch," I said finally, "I'll stick it out." But I did throw the prongs into him for an extra \$100 for every Bus Jump. I could do a lot of resting on that money when I got home.

It was only 6 or 7 hours 'til showtime, and I slept all of them. On the way to the track, I felt weak and groggy and wondered if I was strong enough to keep from smashing my head into the steering wheel—and one bump was all it would take to wind up everything for keeps.

At the track, I nervously began supervising a million-and-one details, spotting the ramps properly, checking safety belts

and helmets, making sure torches, gas, and matches for the firewalls were there. By showtime, to my amazement, I felt like a million dollars. Those old adrenal glands—the same ones that keep a combat soldier going days on end without rest—were working overtime for me, too. The excitement, the crowds filling the stands, peanut-vendors, and the noise were a tonic. I went through my regular routine easily—T-bone, ramp rolls, and a 60-foot Bus Jump. Ten minutes later, when the bows were over and the grandstand empty, I suddenly felt 190 years old. One down and 15 to go.

THAT'S the way it went for the next 10 days—weaker than last week's tea before the show, strong as a Brahman bull during it and sleeping constantly before and after.

But in St. Stephen, I ran into *beau-coup* trouble. I whipped up the ramp too fast on a roll-over, and she bounced over once and a half, landing upside down with the top crushed in so far that I hung upside down from my safety belt, my face mashed into the ground. When I tugged, the safety belt snapped loose, and the seat came loose from the floor, wedging me between floorboards and the ground. There I hung like a ripe banana, my feet jammed against the dash, blood pouring from my nose, and rushing to my weakened brain. To make matters worse, I could hear and smell gasoline sloshing out of the overturned tank and knew it would take just one cigarette 10 feet away to burn me to a crisp. Finally, a couple of guys reached in and peeled me out by sheer force of strength.

My nose was bleeding from bouncing off the steering wheel, but somehow no damage was done to the brain. Again the Matthews Rescue Squad helped me back to the hotel, and I fell into bed.

But the next night came more trouble. Still groggy from the night before, I overlooked the vital wiring of the gear shift rod into second. It was a simple 50-foot Bus Jump, and I flew off the ramp easily with my arms tight on the wheel and torso bent to the right. But in mid-air, the shift rod jumped out of second into neutral. As the car crashed into the catch-cars, the impact threw my head forward hard, into the knob-less, spear-sharp rod. Its rusty point drove two inches into my head in the only spot where it could go without finishing me—right between my slightly parted lips.

A few inches higher, and it would have gouged into my eyes and pierced my brain. Lower, it could have torn into my throat, ripping my jugular. As it was, I was just plain damned lucky. It bruised the top edge of my lower lip, grazed my teeth, and lacerated the roof of my mouth.

There were a couple more "almosts" on the last leg of the tour—each time almost providing the final KO blow. But it wasn't all grief and suspense. The last week, I finished a jump, took my bow, got a big hand and started to walk off. The audience roared with laughter, and I realized why as I felt the evening breeze kiss my rear end. I had left the seat of my pants on a jagged edge in the car. ●



Restaurant told him a week ago that Lardner, Heywood Broun and other sports

This has been corroborated by Ring Lardner, Heywood Broun and other sports writers. The story has been circulating around the Garden for the last hour and everyone is now buzzing about it.

Benny Leonard has dared to put up \$1,000 on himself, against \$10,000 put up by Arnold Rothstein. Leonard is betting that he will knock out young Mitchell in the first round. If he fails to put away his eager, speedy challenger in three minutes, Leonard loses \$1,000.

So now, the doubts in our minds shift from whether Leonard will win easily tonight to whether he can do it in one round. Rothstein, notorious underworld kingfish, is not here in the house, but we've seen one of his henchmen, Louie Haman, in a ringside seat.

The fighters are just about set now. They've received their instructions. Billy Gibson, Leonard's manager, chewing intensely on an oversized cud of tobacco, now rubbing his boy's shoulders . . . Across the way, Billy Mitchell, brother and manager of the challenger, talks quietly to the game youngster.

MITCHELL is also five-five and weighs a pound less than Champion Leonard. He has a trim figure, narrowing at the waist. He sits grimly waiting, looking intently across the ring. Unlike the Champ, he has blue eyes and sandy hair. Leonard is dark, his brown hair parted neatly in the center and his brown eyes roving up and down at Mitchell.

Mitchell from Milwaukee certainly has an impressive record. He's three years younger than Leonard and right now he looks like an infant being led into battle against a Big Bertha. The color is slipping away from his . . . There's the bell.

Mitchell tangles his foot momentarily in the stool rungs. Leonard comes across the ring, almost the full distance. The Champ moves quickly. Already his arms are pumping nervously up and down and all around.

Leading with a short left feeler that doesn't land, Mitchell circles around Leonard and flicks another left that's short. Benny is looking his man over, not leading yet. Circling fast. Ducking as he goes. Not leaving a target for his challenger.

Leonard comes in now with a hard right. They exchange lefts and then back away, at ring center. There's a hard right to the head by Leonard, another right to the nose. A left that misses. Another right that hits hard on the forehead. Mitchell misses two fast lefts and—Oooh . . . the Champ piles in hurriedly with a driving left to the stomach, a right to the head, a left jabbing shot to the mouth, a ri . . . down goes Mitchell! A right to the mouth did it.

Mitchell is down! He rolls over to the

BENNY BET A BUNDLE

Continued from page 39

side. He looks completely stunned. The count is picked up. Leonard stands over him. The crowd is yelling madly. This might be it. It might be all over. Mitchell is trying to shake his head and get to his feet at once. The count is at seven! Mitchell will get up. He's shaky. The round is less than half over.

With a chance to win his exciting bet from Rothstein, Leonard catches Mitchell with another hard right—a terrific right to the mouth. Mitchell is bleeding now. The right side of his mouth is cut wide open. A welt covers his left eye. His nose is puffed. Leonard is trying to nail his man, but the challenger is dodging and stepping in an unscientific, groggy manner, keeping away.

Over to the ropes at Mitchell's corner they go. Leonard lunges ferociously with a left. He's tagged Richie. Mitchell slows down. His back against the ropes, Mitchell tries to slip punches, but Benny is slamming them in so fast we can't keep up with them. They are pouring into the stomach only.

Leonard backs away for a moment. Down again goes Mitchell. His stomach is red-patched with marks. He's slumped on the canvas. His eyes have a wild look. His legs are twitching like they are convulsed. He pulls hard at the ropes, trying to get up. Leonard is waiting.

The count is up to eight, as Mitchell pulls himself all the way up now. Time is running out. Less than a minute to go. Leonard must drive in now for the kill. Mitchell is completely groggy. Blood covers his mouth and chin. The crowd here is deafening in their enthusiasm.

Mitchell reels around the ropes, trying to dodge the heavy attack from his foe. Leonard looks too anxious. He's swinging too fast to land solidly. Mitchell gets across the ring now, leaping as he goes, shaking his head to clear it.

Stopping in the ring's center, Leonard motions to the challenger to come back for more. But it is Leonard who must move. He circles in closely. He must make his punches count. But Mitchell stands by the ropes, touching sharply at his nose with the big thumb on his glove.

Leonard comes in fast, now. Billy Gibson, over in his corner, is shouting hoarsely to Leonard, but he can't be heard over the din here at the Garden.

The Champion swings a mighty right that lands on Mitchell's shoulder. Richie sidesteps another right and counters with a poking left. Leonard is trying to line his man up. This looks like the finish. Just 30 seconds remain . . . Oh! Mitchell goes down again. That was a walloping right that . . . No! It's Leonard down. He's down, landing with a shattering jar on his back!

(Continued on page 60)

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Those white trunks had us confused. It's unbelievable, folks. Benny Leonard is down. He was caught with a short, smashing right hand. Mitchell still looks shaky, but the Champion is in very bad shape. He was caught off guard. He's struggling to get up. His legs are like water.

"Six . . . seven . . ." He's managing to get to his feet. A little more than 20 seconds are left in the round. Leonard is up. Mitchell is swarming all over him with lefts and rights to the head. What a shock this is. Leonard is standing flat-footed. We've never seen him that way before. He's bending at the hips, trying to duck the barrage of anxious punches that land, miss and graze.

MITCHELL is going after a knockout. Almost by instinct the young Milwaukee gamester is throwing everything at Leonard. The Champ is going down again! He's . . . there's the bell.

The bell saves Leonard. He almost falls again, as Mitchell bounces away to his corner. His brother, Billy, runs out to throw happy arms around him. And then Billy slaps a wet sponge on the bleeding face of his battered, heroic brother.

Across the ring, Leonard's manager, Billy Gibson, looks ill. He's doubled up and coughing. His face is crimson red. I don't know what it is yet . . . wait a minute . . . Folks, Billy Gibson has swallowed his cud of tobacco! He'll be okay, but the seconds are helping a bewildered, beaten-looking Benny Leonard into place on the stool.

That dramatic right-hand punch has changed everything here. Leonard is in bad shape. And Gibson looks in worse fettle. Leonard has lost his \$1,000 besides, after having come within a punch, perhaps, of winning \$10,000 . . .

(Mitchell gained power and poise in round two. He knocked Leonard from one end of the ring to the next. Leonard, on the verge of going down twice, hung on.)

There's the bell for the start of round three. Gibson now has recovered from that plug-swallowing attack when his man was suddenly knocked down. He's been busy instructing Leonard to keep away.

The two men meet in ring center. Mitchell is no longer bleeding, but Benny was badly cut in the second round. His face is red and puffed now. Mitchell starts right out with a long left jab and a quick right to the nose. Leonard falls into a clinch, but Richie spins him loose and drives a right to the stomach. Leonard goes back toward the ropes. His right eye is bleeding now. Blood trickles from a reopened cut at his mouth.

Mitchell throws a series of hard lefts into the stomach, above the trunk tops. Leonard tries to pull away, but he can't escape the hail of blows. He's throwing nothing in return. He's making a double guard by pulling his elbows together at the stomach and masking his face with closed fists. Mitchell pours in, hitting from the side.

What's keeping the Champ up? Instinct, pride or numbness. No matter what it is, he isn't going down. Mitchell can't get a clear shot. He backs away. Leonard comes

off the ropes. But Mitchell catches him with a terrific right to the cheek that makes the crowd groan. It spins Leonard half around. The Champ is bleeding some more now. The whole right side of his face is raw and scraped. Mitchell looks unmarked by comparison.

But Mitchell's attack is slowing down. He's been throwing seemingly hundreds of punches for two rounds and he can't get Leonard to go down, even though the Champion is too rocky to throw a punch in return. There's a terrific beating being taken by the Champ. The crowd is on his side now, favoring the tough little man who won't hit the floor.

Again Mitchell drives in. He's battering the Champ with those devastating rights to the middle, keeping his head low, burrowing in. Beads of sweat fly with every punch, as though Leonard's body is a sponge of blood and water. His eyes are puffed and closed. He can't move away . . . and there's the bell.

Barely able to walk a straight line, the Champ dumps himself heavily on his stool. Mitchell looks a little weary from the hectic force of battle.

Sports writers here, having hashed over the crucial moments of the fight so far, have termed one factor as a saving grace for Leonard. It was the fact that he landed hard on his back when he went down in the first round. Had he landed on his side or stomach, they say, he would have been all through right then and there. But the force of hitting smack on his spine jarred him into consciousness and allowed him to get back on his feet.

Now the bell sounds for the fourth round. We don't see how the Champion can keep up this punishment. He's still bleeding as he comes out. The fact that he's a hard trainer and clean liver has kept him going. But how long can this last?

Mitchell flexes his muscles as he comes out. A smile covers his face for a moment. He looks at the cautious Champion and then comes at him. He lands a left jab and a right. A left is blocked by Leonard and then the Champion comes in with two lefts of his own. Mitchell gives ground.

Leonard hands the challenger a hard right in the ribs and then clinches, hitting hard at the break. Leonard looks fresh again. His eyes are still puffed but he's got some sparkle to his punches. Mitchell dodges a left jab and then lands a right hook in return. But Leonard comes back with a right, another right, a left, all to the head. And there's another right to the jaw. Mitchell is in trouble.

Leonard bores in. More lefts and rights, all to the head. All landing. Mitchell is in real trouble. He can't seem to lift his arms.

Again Leonard comes in. They're toe-to-toe. Mitchell is trying to fight back, gain the upper hand again. They're slug-ging it out. Both men are spraying blood now. Something has to give. The crowd is yelling wildly at the scene.

Punch for punch, they're trading hard smashes now. Leonard backs off for a second. He brings up a strong right. What a comeback! Mitchell is hurt. He doubles up. In comes the Champ . . .

(In the fourth and fifth rounds, Mitchell's spell is broken. He is retreat-

ing most of the time. Leonard is catching him hard and the challenger has slowed up.)

We're waiting now for the sixth round. How the tide has turned! The great Benny Leonard has made the finest comeback of his career. Young Mitchell is breathing hard. His left eye is closed. He barely came that last round. Brother Billy is working hard over him. Richie can't seem to catch his breath.

FUNNY thing about Billy Mitchell, he was sure of a victory for Richie all along. Now he looks a little worried. We recall that he answered Tex Rickard's telegram a month ago with these words:

"Fight Benny Leonard? It'll be a pleasure. But it must be for the championship."

Rickard and Gibson sent immediate assurance that this was going to be for the marbles. Richie had been planning for this big step for a long time. Certainly he was the biggest attraction in the Midwest and he felt he deserved a title shot.

In the meeting that followed in New York, Anne Morgan suggested they use her brother's mansion at 37th and Madison Avenue. They met in the parlor next to J.P.'s bedroom and thrashed out details. But Billy Mitchell was not satisfied with the terms and he came to near blows with Billy Gibson.

It took over five hours to settle the dispute, after Billy Mitchell had pushed Gibson with both hands on the shoulders. There has been no love shown by the two fighters because of that argument and show of temper. They're really out for blood in this charity scrape.

We notice that even Al Smith is enjoying this bloody bout with . . . but there's the bell again.

Mitchell takes heavy steps out of his corner. Leonard comes over, dancing and flicking a left jab to the forehead at the very first moment of the round. Mitchell looks all through. But now Mitchell rips a hard right to the stomach. Leonard groans and falls into a clinch.

Out of the clinch, Mitchell is going in after the Champ. His brother must have told him to really open up, to stay in the fight.

Leonard blocks a hard right and rips a left to the stomach and a right follow to the nose. Back against the ropes goes Mitchell.

Leonard is hurling everything he has now. Mitchell is through. He's slumping against the ropes. Leonard backs away. Mitchell tries to dart quickly to his right and out of trouble. But Leonard follows with a right to the ear that stops Mitchell in his tracks. There's a left to the jaw and a right to the stomach. Mitchell goes down.

Down in a heap goes Mitchell. Blood splatters his face and onto the canvas. His eyes are closed. He lies flat on his stomach. It's all over. The fight's over. Benny Leonard is still Champion . . .

Ladies and gentlemen, we've just seen a great champion make the finest comeback of his career. Benny Leonard was finished and beaten. But he hung on savagely and came on to smash his way to victory. He did lose to one man, though. Mr. Rothstein is a little richer. France is a little richer, too.



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THE MAN-EATER OF KUMAON

Continued from page 33

left I went out with the chowkidar of the bungalow to look at a place where he informed me a tiger was in the habit of drinking; this place I found to be the head of the spring which supplied the garden with irrigation water. In the soft earth round the spring were tiger pug marks several days old, but these tracks were quite different from the pug marks I had seen, and carefully examined, in the ravine in which the woman of Pali village had been killed.

On returning to the bungalow I found the Tahsildar was back, and as we sat on the verandah I told him of my day's experience. Expressing regret at my having to go so far on a wild-goose chase, he rose, saying that as he had a long way to go he must start at once. This announcement caused me no little surprise, for twice that day he had said he would stay the night with me. It was not the question of his staying the night that concerned me, but the risk he was taking; however, he was deaf to all my arguments and, as he stepped off the verandah into the dark night, with only one man following him carrying a smoky lantern which gave a mere glimmer of light, to do a walk of four miles in a locality in which men only moved in large parties in daylight, I took off my hat to a very brave man.

I SPENT the following morning in going round the very extensive fruit orchard and tea garden and in having a bath at the spring, and at about midday the Tahsildar, much to my relief, returned safely from Champawat.

I was standing talking to him while looking down a long sloping hill with a village surrounded by cultivated land in the distance, when I saw a man leave the village and start up the hill in our direction. As the man drew nearer I saw he was alternately running and walking, and was quite evidently the bearer of important news. Telling the Tahsildar I would return in a few minutes, I set off at a run down the hill, and when the man saw me coming he sat down to take breath. As soon as I was near enough to hear him he called out, "Come quickly, sahib, the man-eater has just killed a girl." "Sit still," I called back, and turning ran up to the bungalow. I passed the news on to the Tahsildar while I was getting a rifle and some cartridges, and asked him to follow me down to the village.

At the village an excited crowd of men, women, and children awaited us and, as usually happens on these occasions, all started to talk at the same time. One man was vainly trying to quiet the babel. I led him aside and asked him to tell me what had happened. Pointing to some scattered oak trees on a gentle slope

a furlong or so from the village, he said a dozen people were collecting dry sticks under the trees when a tiger suddenly appeared and caught one of their number, a girl sixteen or seventeen years of age.

The wife of the man I was speaking to had been of the party, and she now pointed out the tree, on the shoulder of the hill, under which the girl had been taken. None of the party had looked back to see if the tiger was carrying away its victim and, if so, in which direction it had gone.

Instructing the crowd not to make a noise, and to remain in the village until I returned, I set off in the direction of the tree. The ground here was quite open and it was difficult to conceive how an animal the size of a tiger could have approached twelve people unseen, and its presence not detected, until attention had been attracted by the choking sound made by the girl.

The spot where the girl had been killed was marked by a pool of blood and near it, and in vivid contrast to the crimson pool, was a broken necklace of brightly colored blue beads which the girl had been wearing. From this spot the track led up and round the shoulder of the hill.

On the brow of the hill the track led through a thicket of blackthorn, on the thorns of which long strands of the girl's raven-black hair had caught. Beyond this was a bed of nettles through which the tigress had gone, and I was looking for a way round this obstruction when I heard footsteps behind me. Turning round I saw a man armed with a rifle coming towards me. I asked him why he had followed me when I had left instructions at the village that no one was to leave it. He said the Tahsildar had instructed him to accompany me, and that he was afraid to disobey orders. As he appeared determined to carry out his orders, and to argue the point would have meant the loss of valuable time, I told him to remove the heavy pair of boots he was wearing and, when he had hidden them under a bush, I advised him to keep close to me, and to keep a sharp lookout behind.

I was wearing a very thin pair of stockings, shorts, and a pair of rubber-soled shoes, and as there appeared to be no way round the nettles I followed the tigress through them—much to my discomfort.

Beyond the nettles the blood trail turned sharply to the left, and went straight down the very steep hill, which was densely clothed with bracken and ringals. A hundred yards down, the blood trail led into a narrow and very steep watercourse, down which the tigress had gone with some difficulty, as could be seen from the dislodged stones and earth. I followed this watercourse for five or six hundred

yards, my companion getting more and more agitated the further we went. A dozen times he caught my arm and whispered—in a voice full of tears—that he could hear the tiger, either on one side or the other, or behind us. Half-way down the hill we came on a great pinnacle of rock some thirty feet high, and as the man had by now had all the man-eater hunting he could stand, I told him to climb the rock and remain on it until I returned. Very gladly he went up, and when he straddled the top and signaled to me that he was all right I continued on down the watercourse, which, after skirting round the rock, went straight down for a hundred yards to where it met a deep ravine coming down from the left. At the junction was a small pool, and as I approached it I saw patches of blood on my side of the water.

The tigress had carried the girl straight down to this spot, and my approach had disturbed her at her meal. Splinters of bone were scattered round the deep pug marks into which discolored water was slowly seeping and at the edge of the pool was an object which had puzzled me as I came down the watercourse, and which I now found was part of a human leg. In all the subsequent years I have hunted man-eaters I have not seen anything as pitiful as that young comely leg—bitten off a little below the knee as clean as though severed by the stroke of an axe—out of which the warm blood was trickling.

While looking at the leg I had forgotten all about the tigress until I suddenly felt that I was in great danger. Hurriedly grounding the butt of the rifle I put two fingers on the triggers, raising my head as I did so, and saw a little earth, from the fifteen-foot bank in front of me, come rolling down the steep side and plop into the pool. I was new to this game of man-eater hunting or I should not have exposed myself to an attack in the way I had done. My prompt action in pointing the rifle upwards had possibly saved my life, and in stopping her spring, or in turning to get away, the tigress had dislodged the earth from the top of the bank.

THE bank was too steep for scrambling, and the only way of getting up was to take it at a run. Going up the watercourse a short distance, I sprinted down, took the pool in my stride, and got far enough up the other side to grasp a bush and pull myself on to the bank. A bed of Strobilanthes, the bent stalks of which were slowly gaining their upright position, showed where, and how recently, the tigress had passed, and a little further on under an overhanging rock I found where she had left her kill when she came to have a look at me.

Her tracks now—as she carried away the girl—led into a wilderness of rocks, some acres in extent, where the going was both difficult and dangerous. The cracks and chasms between the rocks were masked with ferns and blackberry vines, and a false step, which might easily have resulted in a broken limb, would have been fatal. Progress under these conditions was of necessity slow, and the tigress was

(Continued on page 64)

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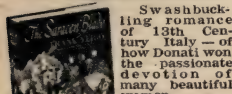
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taking advantage of it to continue her meal. A dozen times I found where she had rested, and after each of these rests the blood trail became more distinct.

This was her four hundred and thirty-sixth human kill and she was quite accustomed to being disturbed at her meals by rescue parties, but this, I think, was the first time she had been followed up so persistently and she now began to show her resentment by growling. To appreciate a tiger's growl to the full it is necessary to be situated as I then was—rocks all round with dense vegetation between, and the imperative necessity of testing each footstep to avoid falling headlong into unseen chasms and caves.

The growling however, was only a gesture, and, when she found that instead of shoosing me off it was bringing me faster on her heels, she abandoned it.

I had now been on her track for over four hours. Though I had repeatedly seen the undergrowth moving I had not seen so much as a hair of her hide, and a glance at the shadows climbing up the opposite hillside warned me it was time to retrace my steps if I was to reach the village before dark.

My companion on the rock was very relieved to see me. My long absence, and the growling he had heard, had convinced him that the tigress had secured another kill and his difficulty, as he quite frankly admitted, was how he was going to get back to the village alone.

ARRIVED at the crest of the hill, where the man had hidden his boots, I sat down to have a smoke and think out my plans for the morrow.

The tigress would finish what was left of the kill during the night, and would to a certainty lie up among the rocks next day.

On the ground she was on there was very little hope of my being able to stalk her, and if I disturbed her without getting a shot, she would probably leave the

locality and I should lose touch with her. A beat therefore was the only thing to do, provided I could raise sufficient men.

I was sitting on the south edge of a great amphitheatre of hills, without a habitation of any kind in sight. A stream entering from the west had fretted its way down, cutting a deep valley right across the amphitheatre. To the east the stream had struck solid rock, and turning north had left the amphitheatre by a narrow gorge.

The hill in front of me, rising to a height of some two thousand feet, was clothed in short grass with a pine tree dotted here and there, and the hill to the east was too precipitous for anything but a ghóoral to negotiate. If I could collect sufficient men to man the entire length of the ridge from the stream to the precipitous hill, and get them to stir up the tigress, her most natural line of retreat would be through the narrow gorge.

ADMITTEDLY a very difficult beat, for the steep hillside facing north, on which I had left the tigress, was densely wooded and roughly three-quarters of a mile long and half-a-mile wide; however, if I could get the beaters to carry out instructions, there was a reasonable chance of my getting a shot.

The Tahsildar was waiting for me at the village. I explained the position to him, and asked him to take immediate steps to collect as many men as he could, and to meet me at ten o'clock the following morning at the tree where the girl had been killed. Promising to do his best, he left for Champawat, while I climbed the hill to the bungalow.

I was up at crack of dawn next morning, and after a substantial meal told my men to pack up and wait for me at Champawat, and went down to have another look at the ground I intended beating. I could find nothing wrong with the plans I had made, and an hour before my time I was at the spot where I had asked the Tahsildar to meet me.

That he would have a hard time in col-

lecting the men I had no doubt, for the fear of the man-eater had sunk deep into the countryside and more than mild persuasion would be needed to make the men leave the shelter of their homes. At ten o'clock the Tahsildar and one man turned up, and thereafter the men came in twos, and threes, and tens, until by mid-day two hundred and ninety-eight had collected.

The Tahsildar had let it be known that he would turn a blind eye towards all unlicensed fire-arms, and further that he would provide ammunition where required; and the weapons that were produced that day would have stocked a museum.

When the men were assembled and had received the ammunition they needed I took them to the brow of the hill where the girl's skirt was lying, and pointing to a pine tree on the opposite hill that had been struck by lightning and stripped of bark, I told them to line themselves up along the ridge and, when they saw me wave a handkerchief from under the pine, those of them who were armed were to fire off their pieces, while the others beat drums, shouted, and rolled down rocks, and that no one was on any account to leave the ridge until I returned and personally collected him. When I was assured that all present had heard and understood my instructions, I set off with the Tahsildar, who said he would be safer with me than with the beaters whose guns would probably burst and cause many casualties.

Making a wide detour I crossed the upper end of the valley, gained the opposite hill, and made my way down to the blasted pine. From here the hill went steeply down and the Tahsildar, who had on a thin pair of patent leather shoes, said it was impossible for him to go any further. While he was removing his inadequate foot-gear to ease his blisters, the men on the ridge, thinking I had forgotten to give the prearranged signal, fired off their guns and set up a great shout. I was still a hundred and fifty yards from the gorge, and that I did not break my neck a dozen times in covering this distance was due to my having been brought up on the hills, and being in consequence as sure-footed as a goat.

AS I ran down the hill I noticed that there was a patch of green grass near the mouth of the gorge, and as there was no time to look round for a better place, I sat down in the grass, with my back to the hill down which I had just come. The grass was about two feet high and hid half my body, and if I kept perfectly still there was a good chance of my not being seen. Facing me was the hill that was being beaten, and the gorge that I hoped the tigress would make for was behind my left shoulder.

Pandemonium had broken loose on the ridge. Added to the fusillade of guns was the wild beating of drums and the shouting of hundreds of men, and when the din was at its worst I caught sight of the tigress bounding down a grassy slope between two ravines to my right front, and about three hundred yards away. She had only gone a short distance when the Tahsildar from his



(Continued on page 66)

How You Can Master GOOD ENGLISH

— — *In 15 Minutes a Day*

THOUSANDS of persons make mistakes in their everyday English—and don't know it. It is surprising how many persons fail in spelling such common words as "business," "occurrence," "beneficiary," and "receive"; say "between you and I" instead of "between you and me"; use "who" for "whom"; and mispronounce the simplest words. And it is equally astonishing how few know whether to use one or two "c's" or "m's" or "s's" (as in "recommend" or "disappoint"), or when to use commas in order to make their meaning absolutely clear. Most persons use only common words—colorless, flat, ordinary. Their speech and their letters are lifeless, dull, humdrum, largely because they *lack confidence* in their use of language.

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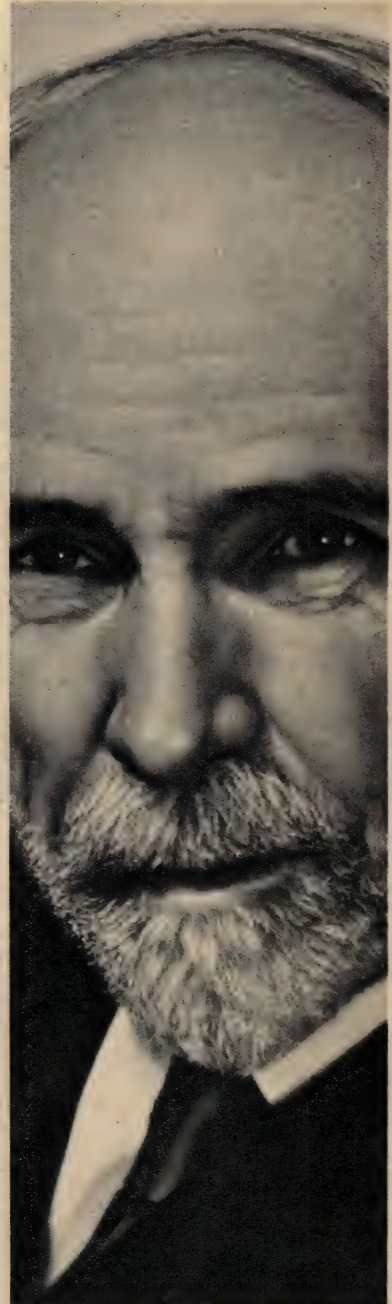
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position under the pine let off both barrels of his shot-gun. On hearing the shots the tigress whipped round and went straight back the way she had come, and as she disappeared into thick cover I threw up my rifle and sent a despairing bullet after her.

The men on the ridge, hearing the three shots, not unnaturally concluded that the tigress had been killed. They emptied all their guns and gave a final yell, and I was holding my breath and listening for the screams that would herald the tigress's arrival on the ridge, when she suddenly broke cover to my left front, and taking the stream at a bound, came straight for the gorge. The .500 modified cordite rifle, sighted at sea level, shot high at this altitude, and when the tigress stopped dead I thought the bullet had gone over her back, and that she had pulled up on finding her retreat cut off; as a matter of fact I had hit her all right, but a little far back. Lowering her head, she half turned towards me, giving me a beautiful shot at the point of her shoulder at a range of less than thirty yards. She flinched at this second shot but continued, with her ears laid flat and bared teeth, to stand her ground, while I sat with rifle to shoulder trying to think what it would be best for me to do when she charged, for the rifle was empty and I had no more cartridges. Three cartridges were all that I had brought with me, for I never thought I should get a chance of firing more than two shots, and the third cartridge was for—an emergency.

FORTUNATELY the wounded animal most unaccountably decided against a charge. Very slowly she turned, crossed the stream to her right, climbed over some fallen rocks, and found a narrow ledge that went diagonally up and across the face of the precipitous hill to where there was a great flat projecting rock. Where this rock joined the cliff a small bush had found root-hold, and going up to it the tigress started to strip its branches. Throwing caution to the winds I shouted to the Tahsildar to bring me his gun. A long reply was shouted back, the only word of which I caught was "feet." Laying down my rifle I took the hill at a run, grabbed the gun out of the Tahsildar's hands and raced back.

As I approached the stream the tigress left the bush and came out on the projecting rock towards me. When I was within twenty feet of her I raised the gun and found to my horror that there was a gap of about three-eighths of an inch between the barrels and the breech-lock. The gun had not burst when both barrels had been fired, and would probably not burst now, but there was danger of being blinded by a blow back. However, the risk would have to be taken, and, aligning the great blob of a bead that did duty as a sight on the tigress's open mouth, I fired. Maybe I bobbed, or maybe the gun was not capable of throwing the cylindrical bullet accurately for twenty feet; anyway, the missile missed the tigress's mouth and struck her on the right paw, from where I removed it later with my fingernails. Fortunately she was at her last gasp, and the tap on the foot was sufficient to make her lurch forward. She came to rest with her head projecting over the side of the rock.

From the moment the tigress had broken cover in her attempt to get through the gorge I had forgotten the beaters, until I was suddenly reminded of their existence by hearing a shout, from a short distance up the hill, of "There it is on the rock! Pull it down and let us hack it to bits." I could not believe my ears when I heard "hack it to bits," and yet I had heard aright, for others now had caught sight of the tigress and from all over the hillside the shout was being repeated.

The ledge by which the wounded animal had gained the projecting rock was fortunately on the opposite side from the beaters, and was just wide enough to permit my shuffling along it sideways. As I reached the rock and stepped over the tigress—hoping devoutly she was dead, for I had not had time to carry out the usual test of pelting her with stones—the men emerged from the forest and came running across the open, brandishing guns, axes, rusty swords, and spears.

At the rock, which was twelve to fourteen feet in height, their advance was checked, for the outer face had been worn smooth by the stream when in spate and afforded no foothold even for their bare toes. The rage of the crowd on seeing their dread enemy was quite understandable, for there was not a man

among them who had not suffered at her hands. One man, who appeared demented and was acting as ring-leader, was shouting over and over again as he ran to and fro brandishing a sword. "This is the *shaitan* that killed my wife and my two sons." As happens with crowds, the excitement died down as suddenly as it had flared up, and to the credit of the man who had lost his wife and sons he it said that he was the first to lay down his weapon. He came near to the rock and said, "We were mad, sahib, when we saw our enemy, but the madness has now passed, and we ask you and the Tahsildar sahib to forgive us." Extracting the unspent cartridge, I laid the gun across the tigress and hung down by my hands and was assisted to the ground. When I showed the men how I had gained the rock the dead animal was very gently lowered and carried to an open spot, where all could crowd round and look at her.

When the tigress had stood on the rock looking down at me I had noticed that there was something wrong with her mouth, and on examining her now I found that the upper and lower canine teeth on the right side of her mouth were broken, the upper one in half, and the lower one right down to the bone. This permanent injury to her teeth—the result of a gunshot wound—had prevented her from killing her natural prey, and had been the cause of her becoming a man-eater.

The men begged me not to skin the tigress there, and asked me to let them have her until nightfall to carry through their villages, saying that if their women-folk and children did not see her with their own eyes, they would not believe that their dread enemy was dead.

TWO saplings were now cut and laid one on either side of the tigress, and with pugrees, waistbands, and loincloths she was carefully and very securely lashed to them. When all was ready the saplings were manned and we moved to the foot of the precipitous hill; the men preferred to take the tigress up this hill, on the far side of which their villages lay, to going up the densely wooded hill which they had just beaten. Two human ropes were made by the simple expedient of the man behind taking a firm grip of the waistband, or other portion of clothing, of the man in front of him. When it was considered that the ropes were long and strong enough to stand the strain, they attached themselves to the saplings, and with men on either side to hold the feet of the bearers and give them foothold, the procession moved up the hill, looking for all the world like an army of ants carrying a beetle up the face of a wall. Behind the main army was a second and a smaller one—the Tahsildar being carried up. Had the ropes broken at any stage of that thousand-foot climb, the casualties would have been appalling, but the rope did not break. The men gained the crest of the hill and set off eastwards, singing on their triumphal march, while the Tahsildar and I turned west and made for Champawat.

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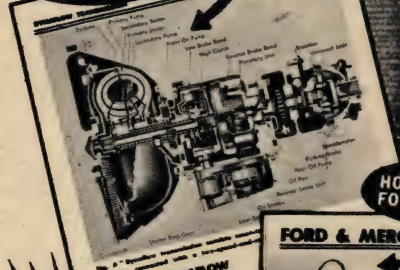
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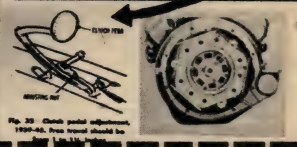
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... AND ALL THE CATS AT SEA

Continued from page 37

began to quiver and start slowly upright. You could see the muscles of his huge legs tense for the spring. Just as the radio operator stepped aboard, the big Tom uncoiled and cuffed him a powerful, clawing blow behind the knees that almost sent the man sprawling, then romped proudly off towards a hiding place below deck.

The Skipper was beside himself, laughing. "That always happens whenever we dock and the crew goes ashore," he explained, "Rummy hates Sparks ever since the crazy kid put saltpeter in his milk the last time we put in at Havana."

That was my first introduction to this particular breed of tenacious tomcats who ply their trade on unsuspecting tabbies in every port the world over, and to the minority female members of the sea-going sect who spend their time between deliveries traveling thousands of miles through the bracing salt air to be with the dock-side lovers they acquire in every port. Though their animal antics would be frowned upon in polite, land-locked cat-loving society, these salt sailors are as much a special brand of the entire feline family as the suave Siamese or the arrogant Angora. What's more, these alley-cats with a penchant for world travel seem to be a lot happier and, it can be argued to good effect, more intelligent.

FOR example, the men who sail the ships they adopt swear a cat who follows the sea can chart his course from San Francisco to Rangoon—and change ships three times on the way. Although some of them are content to join a luxury liner, such as the *Queen Elizabeth*, and sign on as more or less permanent members of the crew, this faction is frowned upon by their more venturesome fellows as being only approximately one step removed from their downright land-lubbing cousins. By far, old salts will tell you, the majority prefer to wander from port to port by tramp steamer, visiting old cronies here, acquiring new lovers there, quitting one ship in Port Said and joining another days or even weeks later.

Through such travel tactics as these, a modern day Ship's Cat soon gets to know its way around the world and its ships. Whenever a steamer or a crew comes along of which the cat becomes particularly fond, it may jump ship for a spell in some favorite trysting Port, but it'll follow its friends to the ends of the earth, if need be, to catch up.

One friend of mine tells of a young tomcat who quit an American freighter in Bahia only to rejoin her 10 months later in Liverpool. How he got there, neither my friend nor the rest of the freighter's crew ever found out.

"The cat just liked traveling with us," my informant swears. "I'll bet he'd have

caught up with us some other place, at some other time, if he hadn't been there on the docks at Liverpool and waiting for us when we landed. These damn cats are almost human that way."

It is through cultivation of this sixth sense of direction that seagoing cats usually manage to hitchhike an ocean voyage to any place in the wide world they want to go. It seems almost as if the veteran feline traveler can tell exactly where a ship is headed before it will sign on with the crew and what time it will get there. When the cat sometimes is the victim of an unintended double-cross, human sailors are the first to know it and express their sympathy for their pets.

RECENTLY, the northbound *Mormachawk*, a Moore-McCormack Lines freighter engaging in the South American coastal trade, took aboard a grey tomcat in Santos, Brazil. Obviously tired out by its most recent bout with the rigors of life and love ashore, this big fellow spent the first two days at sea quietly recovering his strength for the good times to come at his next port of call—a port, sailors aboard later swore, he thought would be Rio de Janeiro.

The third day out, the Tom suddenly sprang to life. Where before, he had carefully avoided the crew, he now took notice of their every move. He got up, spent minutes primping himself and then began to pace back and forth in front of the gangway in happy anticipation. Suddenly his mood changed to one of deep disappointment and sullen revolt. He retired to his hidden nook to sit out the rest of the voyage in the depths of despair.

"That damned cat knew it when we went right by Rio without stopping," the skipper of the *Mormachawk* explained it to me later. "Even a sailor can tell Rio by its smell when still miles at sea, and when we went right on past without stopping, he just said 'The hell with it' and sulked.

BUT even that didn't stop him. He was too smart for that. When we docked in Hamilton, Bermuda, several days later, he went quietly ashore, looked disgustedly around and trotted back aboard. He knew he wasn't where he wanted to go. That big Tom went through those same motions of slipping ashore and looking disgusted all the way back to Brooklyn. But he stayed with us, and when we got back south again, he would repeat the performance until we finally did land at Rio. There, he took off across the docks even before the ship tied up.

"Three trips later, one of our crew recognized him playing around the docks. You think we could get him back aboard? Hell no! That fellow knew what he

wanted and where in the world he wanted it—Rio."

As if by unwritten law, a Ship's Cat seldom sails on a smaller vessel which already has another member of its select society aboard. Although most docks are infested with cats, who meet each new arrival in search of a seagoing berth, those who will join a crew which already has one feline member are the exception rather than the rule. Such an exception was Ivan, the Russian tomcat.

During World War II an American Hog Islander completed its run to Murmansk through a veritable hail of German dive bombers and tied up to deliver her precious cargo of weapons to the Russians. Her crew, haggard from sleepless nights while running the gauntlet of enemy bombs, sought any diversion that might come its way—even from the Ship's Cat, in this instance a tiny young female with an obvious allure.

It was the first officer, directing the unloading operations, who spotted trouble brewing. "Look out boys," he said, pointing. "We're in for a blow." There on the dock, anxiously poised between the legs of a Russian soldier, was the biggest, toughest Russian tomcat anyone aboard had ever seen.

The object of this particular *kocor's* perfectly obvious affections was the freighter's own mascot—a cute trick that had joined the crew five months before in South America, apparently on her maiden voyage. Tabby squatted confidently on a box near the gangway in seeming disinterest, yet quietly awaiting the sudden rush she knew would come from the dock.

Then, without further warning, it happened. There was a flashing streak of black extending all the way from the Russian soldier's feet up the gangplank as the Tom made for the box on which his new girl friend was perched. Tabby met him there, bounded silently to the deck and made off, expertly enticing her conquest into the hidden recesses of the ship.

THE Old Man found them hours later. "Get that damned Tomcat off this ship!" he bellowed, and a frightened mate hastened to oblige. Stooping, he scooped Ivan up in his big hands, carted him to the dock and handed him to the startled Russian guard.

"Get rid of him," the mate commanded, and he indicated as best he could that he, personally, didn't care if the Russian heaved the struggling Ivan into the swirling, ice-filled waters of the harbor. The Russian took his frantic signs literally, marched stiffly to the edge of the dock and dropped his recently acquired bundle of fur over the edge.

From there, this looked like the end of a very trying situation. But the freighter's crew hadn't figured on the ice cakes that studded the cold waters, nor the vagaries of the currents of the harbor. Delightfully, Ivan landed on a large chunk of ice, and almost at once this natural raft began to move slowly out into the middle of the stream.

Stupefied at this turn of events, the crew lined the rails to watch—and it was

(Continued on page 70)

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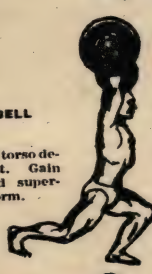
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there that little Tabby joined them. Together, they silently watched Ivan squatting on his cake of ice as it carried him farther and farther away from his little American sweetheart. Then the current, as if to atone for separating the two lovers, played its own ace; it swung with the incoming tide and brought the big cake of ice and its frightened cargo right back to the dock.

A TREMENDOUS roar went up from the American vessel as Ivan, with one terrible surge, gathered his legs beneath him, sprang up onto the dock, dashed through the legs of the startled Russian soldier and sped up the gangway to the safety of his hidden trysting place, the little Tabby at his heels.

When he heard of it, the Old Man himself decided the affair. "Let him stay," he ruled. "Any tomcat that will go through all that just to be with his girl friend, deserves a berth on my ship."

As it turned out, the Old Man had made a wise choice. For on the homeward voyage, all the Navy gun crew aboard had to do to tell when to expect a visit from the German dive bombers was to watch big Ivan and his tiny consort. Even before the planes appeared as tiny specks in the sky, the pair of them would high-tail it for the starboard lifeboat where they would huddle, terrified, until the raid was over.

Generally, a cat putting to sea on a strange ship will inexplicably adopt one member of the crew as his own particular benefactor while aboard ship. Ashore, more often than not, they are quite likely to take on most of the rough-house shore leave tactics of their more boisterous human counterparts. This of course, often leads to trouble—for the Ship's Cat as well as the ship's playboy.

One troublesome Tom, who shipped for more than a year aboard the United States Lines' *Sea Serpent*, almost came a cropper in two different, widely-separated ports during that period. His name was Hatches, and it happened first in Boca, a portion of Buenos Aires known in seafaring circles as the toughest section of waterfront in the world.

As a matter of fact, Hatches' troubles in Boca never should have happened to the Ship's Cat. On the particular night

in question, Hatches had a hard time making up his mind whether to go ashore at all. His human shipmates swear that the big fellow paced back and forth across the deck for a good hour in obvious indecision before he finally decided that the lure of a night ashore was worth the danger involved, even in the toughest port in the world for man or cat.

That decision, made in the lure of the mellow South American moon, was Hatches' big mistake. None of the crew of the *Sea Serpent* ever found out what really happened, all they know is that next morning they discovered their errant shipmate in a secluded corner of the engine room, licking his wounds. His head was bloody, his ears shredded and his tail nearly severed from the rest of his body; one of the crewmen even made a sling for a terribly lacerated right forepaw.

"Try as we would, we never could get Hatches to go ashore in the Boca again," Nick Backho, a member of the *Sea Serpent's* crew at the time and now an engineering expert who helped build the U.S.S. *America*, told me. "He'd had enough that one night to last him forever."

Next time Hatches ran into trouble, he got drunk. It happened on the Gladstone docks in Liverpool, a delightful place for merchant seamen because there most of the Scotch whiskey bound for the United States is loaded. Hatches first tasted liquor in Liverpool—and he contrived to stay in a happy state of inebriation all the way home to the States.

WHEN the *Sea Serpent* put in to pick up its cargo of fluid for the finest gullets in America, Hatches pranced quietly ashore and timidly joined a dozen other cats busily engaged in lapping up the area around several broken whiskey cases, conveniently dropped by butter-fingered stevedores. It was his first visit to Liverpool, and Hatches was unable to judge his own capacity.

He promptly discovered that he liked the stuff, after his first tentative taste, and took on one too many. Bleary-eyed, he wobbled up the gangway and climbed clumsily atop a packing case from which he carefully oversaw loading operations. Its cargo safely stowed to his satisfaction, Hatches drunkenly flopped down off his perch, belted the packing case a cuff

for no apparent reason at all, and wallowed off to quarters.

From that day on, Hatches didn't draw a sober breath until the ship docked in New York. No one could figure out how he was getting the stuff until one day the ship's carpenter followed him and discovered his secret. He learned that Hatches spent most of his time on the bridge, his weary head cocked over the outlet of the ship's fire detecting system. It developed that the system had a fan which drew air from the hold, and Hatches soon discovered that the fumes from one or two broken whiskey bottles stowed below did almost as workmanlike a job on him as the spilled liquid had on the docks at Liverpool.

While for the most part the cook or some other lesser member of a ship's crew assumes full responsibility for the welfare of the Ship's Cat, sometimes the four-footed traveler will settle for nothing less than the Skipper himself for his guardian. When this happens, the Old Man generally takes particular pride in his pet and caters to his every whim, sometimes to the point of absolute ridiculousness.

Once, during the War, the Commodore of a British convoy being made up in the Crossroads off Buenos Aires performed what probably was the strangest—as well as the most humanitarian—service ever done a seagoing cat. Noticing one day that the mascot of his flagship was in obvious need, this old sea dog with years of service in the best Hornblower tradition summoned his aide.

"Leftenant," he ordered that worthy youngster, whose remarkable decor and pride in the traditions of the British Navy stamped him as a newcomer to the ranks and earned him something of a name as a newly-educated heel with the veteran crew, "Leftenant, break out the blinker and find out if there is a tomcat aboard any of these ships."

THE Commodore waved an insistent hand across the horizon already filled, as far as the eye could see, with laden ships-of-convoy.

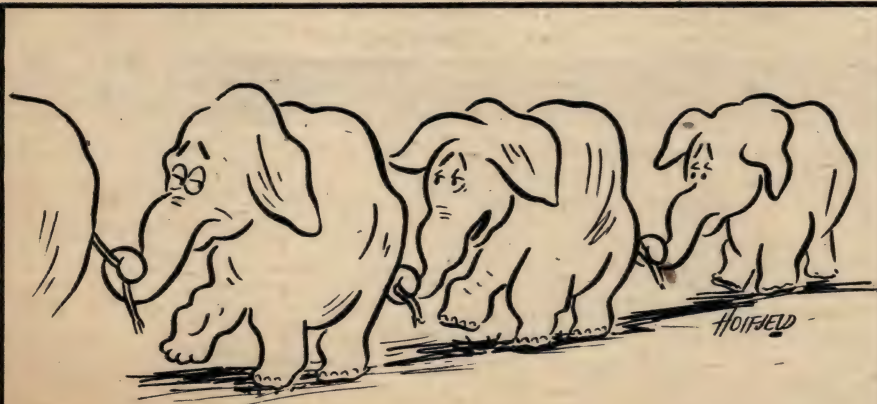
Immediately, the rendezvous area was spotted as the blinkers from ship after ship took up the merciful search. Finally, from an ancient oil tanker lying some 5,000 yards off the flagship came a stunned, but affirmative answer, "Yes."

The Commodore was ready. "Leftenant," he ordered crisply, "break out the landing launch and bring that tomcat back here!"

Orders, even to an obviously embarrassed junior officer in His Majesty's Navy, are orders. Straightway, he carried them out—and when he returned, it was to be piped aboard, amid the ill-concealed snickers of the entire Ship's Crew drawn up in official welcome to a visiting dignitary.

"Blimey," came a shrill, cockney voice from the rear as the young Leftenant stepped aboard, the tomcat dangling gingerly from his right hand, "Blimey, if I'd play pimp to a Ship's Cat."

As one of the younger members of the sea arm that originally gave birth to the tradition of the Ship's Cat, the young Britisher never quite got over it. ●



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Hospital Department K-25, Omaha 2, Nebraska



ABERDEEN: WINE, WOMEN AND WAMPUM

Continued from page 17

manager put it this way: "So long as we depend mainly on the loggers, and to some extent on the fishermen, we've got to give them what they want. Just look around for yourself. Or talk with the loggers and fishermen. They'll tell you flatly what they're looking for—a drink, a good time with a babe, and most of them like to gamble."

One characteristic about Aberdeen stands out: In giving the town a thorough going over, I noticed that its sinning ways were out in the open, straight from the shoulder and lacked the furtive touch. Just take a leisurely swing through the downtown area, an area comprising Heron Street, Broadway and Wishkah.

Along the lower stretches of Wishkah and Heron, the taverns and gambling joints loom up every few steps. In the Spar Cafe and Sport Center, you have your choice of various gambling devices: Pin-ball machines, punch-boards, baseball pools, and card games. They're out in the open, and anyone (except minors) may play.

BUT NO conscientious effort is made to enforce the ban against minors. As evidence, there were four high-school youngsters playing the machine next to me. They whooped and drew frequent attention to themselves. Yet no one moved to interfere with them or ask them to quit.

Aberdeen also permits limited poker games, those in which the stakes are small. But the legalized games over town are small-time stuff as compared with the slam-bang affairs which the loggers pro-

mote right after their paydays. Armed with sizable rolls of dough, they go in for all-night and week-end poker, blackjack and dice sessions. To insure privacy, they hide out in hotel rooms and rooming-houses. They keep bottles of their favorite drinks handy and puff on cigarettes till smoke fills the rooms. And they curse, argue, and sometimes get involved in brawls, but at least they settle their arguments among themselves.

At a hotel poker party, which I looked in on for several hours, two savage fist fights broke out over a \$400 pot and a \$600 stake. Once, two men swung on one player. Immediately, the other players jumped up, pulled off the extra man, and let the two who had started the argument fight it out.

In the second melee, one battler grabbed up a chair and hit his opponent across the right shoulder. Which prompted the other players to seize him, take the chair away from him, and to force him to fight fair—with his fists.

At these private gambling sessions, I was struck by another fact—the clannishness of the players. To explain: Aberdeen has among its population groups of Swedes, Finns, Norwegians and Swiss. In the main, the Swiss embrace dairying, the Norwegians fishing, and the Finns and Swedes logging and lumberjacking.

And when they go out to raise hell, gamble, look up a dame and make the rounds of the taverns, they stick together, clannishly. That is, the Swiss together, the Norwegians together, the Finns together and the Swedes the same way. If one man in any of these groups is set

upon unfairly, the others take up for him. If he becomes too groggy from his drinking, or lands in the hoosegow, the others likewise will come to his aid.

Throughout my stay in Aberdeen, I spotted only three habitual dope addicts. And reference here is made to those on "junk"—vicious heroin. But while heroin was scarce, in all the joints and dives I visited, three sources assured me they could get me "all the marijuana you want." One bartender made it plain that a carload of the narcotic had just arrived from Seattle.

This was the pattern: No dope peddlers and pushers, in the usual sense, were in evidence. If you wanted a shot of heroin, or some marijuana cigarettes, you had to approach a "private party." Someone who was a bartender, a hotel clerk, or a tavern manager but who handled the dope as a "sideline."

SOME of the marijuana, I discovered, reaches the high-school and teen-age youngsters in Aberdeen through a "middle man." He acts as an agent for the bartender who has the dope, passes the marijuana on to the youths at a designated spot in town, and they, in turn, smoke the marijuana at their private parties and down at the beach.

Four young couples I overheard near a tavern on Heron were satisfied that they had enough marijuana cigarettes to last them for the evening at the beach. But two of the young girls in the group protested that they wouldn't smoke the "reefers," but that they *would* take a drink of liquor. One of the boys spoke up that he had a bottle in the car—one he had swiped from his dad's stock; and a moment later the youthful sinners climbed into two parked cars and set out for the beach, several miles away.

In Aberdeen that night, swarms of loggers, out to celebrate the settlement of a strike and a back-to-work agreement, invaded the taverns and play spots on Wishkah and Heron. I joined a group of three of them on a tour of the joints. We visited the *Derby*, *Club Cigar Store* (a drinking-place), *Grayport*, *Blue Mule*, *Spar Cafe*, *Owl*, *Dutch's Tavern*, *The Antlers*, *Black Panther*, *The Silver Dollar*, *Bright Spot* and *Rajcich*.

This was the atmosphere: Juke boxes, stools, booths for more private drinking and intimate chit-chat; bartenders with suggestions for your "entertainment"; and girls, girls, girls—young ones who couldn't possibly be 21, pert wenches, well-dressed "drinking companions," the out-and-out prostitutes and the battered driftwood (just plain old hags).

Women who hang around Aberdeen taverns are, I quickly found out, definitely on "the make"—without guile, subterfuge or hesitation. When you enter, they hail you with "Hi, Kid" or "Hi, Sport"—and then move in fast. They'll invite you to sit beside them, but if you hesitate, they'll come over to you.

After a round or two of drinks, they'll suggest a more exciting—and more private—form of "entertainment." At their hotel-room or at their rooming-house. Altogether, I discovered these five types of women of pleasure in Aberdeen: Hotel prostitutes, Tavern prostitutes, Private-

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house prostitutes, visiting prostitutes, and cruising (in a car) prostitutes.

First, the hotel variety. They have numerous men friends among the loggers and fishermen. So they don't have to set forth and do any soliciting. Instead, they just stay put in their hotels and wait for their male friends to call on them. Most of the latter usually visit them on certain nights—in fact, they have "set dates" in advance.

For them, a special rate prevails. In "bad times" (when the logger or fisherman is not working steadily or happens to be low on cabbage), he's "entertained" to his satisfaction for \$5. But when all is going well for him, financially, he must fork over \$10.

All the loggers to whom I talked, told me that their women friends in the hotels give them "plenty of time" on a "date." That's the principal reason that they prefer the hotel variety to the more impatient tavern hustler.

But the younger women who play the taverns in Aberdeen have it all over their hotel sisters-in-sin in the matter of body appeal, looks, spicy conversational ability and eagerness. They're not out to roll you, like B-girls in some large metropolitan cities. Instead, they'll offer you a few moments of intimate pleasure in their room or yours. Or, they'll offer to spend the night with you for prices ranging from \$15 to \$30.

So far as I could learn, no one has complained of a tavern prostitute trying to rook him or swipe his wallet while he wasn't looking. The word is out that the tavern "play girls" will play square with you, give you the promised pleasure, but that they're "more in a hurry about it" than the hotel girls of Aberdeen.

The four tavern ladies I chatted with all asked for \$10—and they all had their private rooms. One of them explained that she was separated from her husband in Tacoma. Another was divorced, had two children to support (I met the children), and testified that most of the men treated her "very well."

ONE PATRON, a visiting business man, always leaves her a \$10 tip. With the tips he has left her so far, she has bought her little boy a bicycle and her slightly-older girl a phonograph. As for the other two tavern joy girls that I met, they both take pride in dressing well, in giving "full service" to their male friends, and in keeping a list of "steady customers." Aside from that, they earn some loot, occasionally, by taking it off at a stag party.

Silver Dollar, Bright Spot, Grayport, and Rajcich were the liveliest spots I visited, in Aberdeen. Revelry rings out in them every night, and it hits a feverish tempo right after the loggers have been paid. The men pour in with laden pockets, eager for drinks, a fling at gambling and women.

One youthful, handsome logger tipped me off about three babes (cruising prostitutes) in a long, two-seated car. They park near Silver Dollar, then near Bright Spot, and if no prospects come along, they take off to other corners of town—on the lookout for likely-looking "customers."

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Please PRINT carefully. BE SURE TO GIVE YOUR WAIST SIZE.

As might be expected, visiting prostitutes from Seattle, Tacoma, and nearby smaller communities are not welcome to Aberdeen. That is, not to their competitors. But the two-fisted, reveling loggers throw out the welcome mat to the outsiders, if for no other reason, than to insure more variety of choice for themselves.

These "invading" prostitutes know certain loggers and fishermen—have, as a matter of fact, done "business" with them somewhere in the past. It's so easy, too, for them to remember on what days the boys are paid. And at the right time, they come flocking into Aberdeen by private car and on the bus.

AFTERWARD, they set up shop in a hotel or private room, let their friends know where they are, and do a land office business for three or four nights—or until the loggers have spent their rolls.

All the while, of course, the "regulars," the "old-timers," are vying for their share of the dough. That is to say, the rooming-house prostitutes in Aberdeen. You hear them referred to as the "girls across the river" and "up on the hill." In former lush, totally uninhibited days, there were rows of houses of prostitution in those two specific areas.

If you didn't want to stroll over there on your own, or in company with some fun-seeking loggers, you could hail a taxi. The driver could take you to any of the houses. You would be charged from \$5 to \$10, depending upon the youth and the appeal of the girl.

But even with State Senator Rosellini a fading memory, rooming-house prostitution in Aberdeen doesn't operate on the big-time scale it once did. Today, the hotel, tavern, and visiting ladies of pleasure are raking in a lion's share of the business formerly enjoyed by the houses. But at least three houses are still operating. Just do some keen exploring on your own "across the river." Or get chummy with some roistering loggers and tag along with them when they go looking for pleasure. Or convince three taxi drivers (probably more than that number know of the existence of the houses, but are just keeping discreetly quiet) that you're not a left-behind member of Rosellini's staff.

But the girls in the houses are less attractive, plumper and older than their rivals down along hotel and tavern row. True, their prices spiral down to a low of \$3 for their "good friends." Even so, even loggers short on funds prefer the company of the better lookers in the taverns.

WHATEVER the future holds for Aberdeen, you can bet that it will never change its free-and-easy, sinful ways radically. Nor will it remain "closed up" for any appreciable length of time. Not even with an investigator breathing down its neck.

For the simple truth is—as so many pointed out to me—the loggers and the fishermen crave a lively, good-time town, and in Aberdeen they're the boys with the big rolls and in a position to have their own way.



The Ohio Farmer—which was star billing in that area. He specialized in horses, cattle and hogs, and his farm stocked only the finest purebreds. He was much in demand as a judge of horses at Ohio fairs, and you don't get asked back to one of those a second time if you don't know your horseflesh.

The fire was well under control when a breathless, excited man pushed his way through the crowd to Sheriff Miller.

"I'm Harvey Roush," he stammered, "Mr. Myers' farm manager. This is a terrible thing to have happen—terrible."

"Amen," Miller remarked drily. He asked Roush how come he had just arrived.

"The wife and I took our kids to the movies," Roush answered. "We were just coming back to our house a few minutes ago—it's just up the road a piece—when we saw all the cars and the fire and, gosh, I just can't believe it."

"Your wife here?"

"Yeah, that's her over there with my seven kids." He pointed to a drab rather tired-looking woman who stood at the edge of the crowd and watched the fire dying down. She seemed half-hysterical. Miller looked at Sowers and shrugged. This was certainly an unimpressive start of the investigation. The first man they had questioned very closely about his whereabouts had not one, but eight alibis.

"HEY, HARVEY," a smoke-smudged volunteer called, "where's a ladder? We want to save what we can from the second floor." Roush hurried off to find the ladder and then pitched in to help fight the fire. Before long the blaze was deader than New Year's Eve at an anti-saloon league clubhouse.

Sheriff Miller and Corporal Sowers called Bob Bensley, Harry Wiley, and Harry Shroats, then the five of them took flashlights and went into the gutted, dripping shell. Shroats and the two young men pointed out the places where they had first discovered the bodies. The two police officers began sifting the area for clues.

A short distance from where Myers' body had lain, Corporal Sowers found a half-burnt fountain pen. The cap was off, as though ready for writing, and the desk in one corner of the living room was opened up, as though Myers had been working there at his farm accounts.

Meanwhile, Miller had found the charred remains of Myers' pet terrier, Zip. There were no obvious wounds on the dog's body, but then it was certainly possible to knock a dog unconscious, had it attacked the killer, without leaving a mark you could see with a flashlight.

Kicking around in the charred living

EIGHT ALIBIS ARE TOO MANY

Continued from page 35

room, Miller found something which had never been included in the original decor—an axe, its handle almost burnt away and the blade dark with burned blood. It was obviously the murder weapon which had been used on Mrs. Myers.

"Find a gun anywhere?" the Sheriff asked.

"Not yet," Sowers replied, "and I don't think we will. Do you notice a slight smell of gasoline?"

"I was just going to mention that. It's not very strong, but it's there. And if we don't find a gun, that means Myers didn't commit suicide." He turned as Coroner Axthelm clumped into the room. "Find anything interesting?"

"Well, I'd say the suicide angle is out. I've been examining the bodies and I've discovered that Homer Myers was eating peanuts at the time he died. It doesn't make sense that anyone would munch nuts while committing an axe-murder and suicide."

"And there's no gun," Miller said, "so we're positive it was murder."

A deputy came in to say they had just brought Raymond Myers back with them. Sheriff Miller went out to talk with him. He had yet to find any reason for the old people's murder, but one person who stood to gain by their death was the son who would inherit the property. But the younger Myers appeared badly shaken by his parents' death.

"I saw the folks twice yesterday," he said. "They came to my house shortly after noon, visited awhile, then went home. I happened to run into them on the street later in the evening. They said they weren't going to stay long."

"How did they act?"

"They were in good spirits. There was nothing wrong as far as I could see, and I don't believe what the folks are saying about my father . . ."

"SET YOUR mind to rest on that," the Sheriff said. "We have proof that it was murder. Now, was there anyone doing business with your father who might either benefit by his death or feel he got the short end of the stick, or anything like that?" The young man shook his head. "Anyone who might have had a long-term grudge?" His answer was the same as everyone else's. The elder Myers was liked and respected. "Did your father own a revolver?"

"Yes, he did." Myers led the Sheriff into the dining room of the ruined house and started to take a .32 revolver from a cupboard shelf.

"Don't touch it," Miller commanded. "There might be fingerprints on it." Later examination, however, showed that the

gun was fully loaded and hadn't been fired in a long time. "How about money? Was your father in the habit of leaving large sums around the house?"

"Well, Dad always had some cash on hand, but mostly he banked in Marion. I know where he used to keep it." He led the police into the bedroom where he reached behind a large picture which had been damaged by the fire. He brought out a small, clothbound packet which contained \$175 in small bills.

"By the way," Miller said casually, as he counted the money, "where were you this evening?"

I WENT home after meeting the folks downtown. I live on Bellefontaine Avenue—I was there all evening until the deputies came."

"Anyone there with you?"

"My wife and her father. You can ask them."

"You the only heir?"

"I got a sister, Mrs. Robert Thomas, living near Dayton. Dad had a brother in Oregon and an aunt by marriage lives in East Marion. Mother had some relatives scattered around the state, too."

"What about Harvey Roush? Any trouble between him and your father?"

"Not that I ever heard of. Harvey's a good man with livestock and Dad had a lot of faith in him. He's been here four years now, I think. They worked on shares. Harvey paid a third of the expenses and got a third of the profit."

"Well, I guess you better run home and get some sleep if you can," the Sheriff said. "Sorry to have to ask you all these things."

"I'm glad to do anything I can to help." Raymond Myers' face was drawn and tired as he left. Sheriff Miller turned to Corporal Sowers.

"We still need a motive. Two nice old people get murdered and there's no apparent reason for it that I can see yet."

"I can't either, but maybe this Roush guy can give us a lead. He knew the Myers better than anyone else probably."

The Sheriff nodded and they went outside, where they found Roush talking with a group of men. They called him over to one side and though he seemed eager to help, he wasn't able to supply anything they didn't already know.

"You were in town all evening, Roush?"

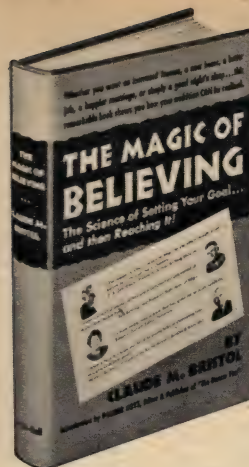
"That's right, Sheriff. Me and the wife loaded the kids in the car about seven o'clock, I guess it was, and went into Marion. We did some shopping, then put the car in a parking lot, and went to the State Theatre."

"When did you get out of the movie?"

"Oh, must of been about 11:30. Guess Virgie would know." The Sheriff quickly confirmed the time with Mrs. Roush. He was about to call it a night when he noticed that Harvey Roush had a handkerchief wound around one of his fingers. The Sheriff asked what had happened.

"I smashed it on that darned ladder. Hurts like blazes."

It was now after 3:00 A.M. and Sheriff Miller decided there wasn't much more he could do. He left a deputy to guard the house, then drove back to Marion for a few hours sleep. He didn't get much because his mind was so busy with the case.



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Somebody had to have a reason for killing the Myers; someone knew something he wasn't telling.

By the next day the dragnet the police had put out for suspicious persons in the vicinity of Marion had bagged some game. Some deputies who were checking the back roads rounded up three mumble-mouthed hitchhikers who couldn't account for their movements on Saturday night and so were held for further questioning.

A NEAR-BY neighbor of the Myers had reported seeing a tramp loitering around the murder house at about 5:30 Saturday afternoon. The description was broadcast throughout Ohio and a man answering it was hauled off a freight train near Cleveland and rushed to Marion.

Two rough-looking men who had caught the night train to Chicago, never got there. Alert police collared them and hauled them back to the scene of the crime.

Sheriff Miller questioned them all, but got only protestations that they were as innocent as babes. Miller decided to let them cool off and think it over while he went back to the murder scene with Assistant Prosecutor Walter D. Moore.

"Any one of those bums we picked up are probably capable of murder," Sheriff Miller said as the car rolled along, "but I

keep thinking that the guy who did it must have been someone the Myers knew."

"What do you mean, Sheriff?"

"Well, there are several things. One was that Myers was eating peanuts at the exact moment of death; the sort of casual thing a man might be doing while talking to a friend, not knowing he was about to be murdered. Another thing, Homer Myers was evidently going into the bedroom for something, followed by the killer, and that would only happen with someone he knew or was having a business dealing with and he wouldn't have been eating peanuts if they had been having a violent argument. Another thing, the coroner tells me that there isn't a mark on that dog, it died from smoke. I figure a dog would go after a stranger who was doing something to its masters."

"Well," the assistant prosecutor said, "some dogs would and some wouldn't."

"Well, maybe not. But there was a pen near Myers, as though he had been writing at the desk and carried it along with him to the bedroom, a business deal of some sort, I figure. The fact that Mrs. Myers was shot several times and hacked, too, means she put up a tremendous struggle. And since gasoline was used to start the fire, the killer must have planned the whole thing in advance."

"It makes sense," the other agreed. "But who did it? The son has a good alibi, doesn't he?"

"His wife and father-in-law vouch for him—but we're checking him a little more, just in case. Roush, the farm manager, was at a movie with his family. The reason I'm driving out here now is to see if he can't remember the names of some people who might have been doing business with Myers. It has to be that—I can't see anything else."

Miller and his companion stopped at the scene of the double murder first, where one new clue was found. The clock in the living room had stopped at 10:45, fixing the time of the crime. The coroner had also reported that the murder weapon had been a .38 revolver.

The next stop was the Roush residence where Miller asked the farm manager about Myers' business affairs. Roush couldn't remember anything significant. The Sheriff noticed that Roush's finger was now bandaged.

"I guess I smashed it up pretty bad last night," Roush said. "I went to Marion this morning and a doctor fixed it up for me. You know how it is when it's dark and you're hurrying."

"Sure," Miller agreed. "By the way, did you and Mr. Myers ever quarrel?"

"Well, now," Roush said, scratching his head, "I wouldn't say we ever quarreled, but we did have our differences from time to time. I'd want to do something my way and he'd want me to do it his way—you know how it is, nothing serious. I ain't one to hold a grudge and neither was he. We got along good or I wouldn't have stayed here four years. If I don't get along with somebody I'd just as soon have nothing to do with him, you know what I mean?"

"As I understand it, you and Myers had business dealings all the time. Did he ever owe you money, or were you in debt to him at any time?"

"Oh, we see-sawed back and forth, Sheriff. I used to get a little short and Mr. Myers was always right there ready to help. I suppose I owe him a little bit right now, but nothing much to speak of."

"Have any guns?"

"Sure. I got two shotguns and a rifle." He got the guns.

"You don't happen to own a .38 revolver?"

"Never had any use for a revolver, Sheriff."

"Well, thanks, Roush, and if you happen to think of anyone who might have had a grudge against Homer Myers, you call me immediately, understand?" Roush nodded. "One more thing. How did Raymond and his father get along?"

"They got along fine, Sheriff. Everybody got along with Mr. Myers."

The Sheriff and Moore got into their car and drove back to Marion.

"Do you figure Roush knows something he isn't telling?" Moore asked.

"I suspect everyone until we get the guy who did it. For all I know, maybe you slipped out there last night with a .38 and a can of gas."

"I couldn't have done it," Moore said, grinning broadly, "I'm probably the only man in Marion who doesn't have an alibi for last night."

"You think you're being funny," the Sheriff replied, suddenly grim again, "but I'm beginning to think there are too many air-tight alibis around. As a prosecutor, Walter, what was your impression of Roush?"

"He's a pretty cool customer—but he seems anxious to help."

"Oh, he's anxious enough, everyone is, but he doesn't help any. But he is the first person we've run across who ever had any arguments with Myers, even though he says they were little ones."

"Sure," Moore said, "but how much more of an alibi does a man need than a wife and seven kids going to a movie with him at the time the murders were committed 10 miles away?"

"Well, I'm going to look into it anyway," Miller answered, his mouth set in a look of dogged determination.

His first stop was the Orchard Street parking lot where Roush said he had parked his car the night before. The attendant remembered them easily.

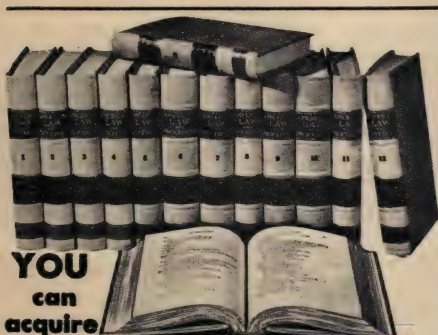
IT LOOKED like one of those circus acts," he said. "You know, where 50 people get out of one little old car."

"When did Roush come get the car?"

"About 11:30, Sheriff."

That should have made the Sheriff believe Roush's story, but he kept remembering all the reasons why he thought the man who killed the Myers was well-known to them, so he decided to check a little further. He went to the State Theatre and talked with the manager and the cashier. The Manager couldn't remember whether the family had been there or not, the theatre had been so packed. However, the cashier remembered someone buying nine tickets since that was something of a record in her experience.

"But I don't remember the people, Sheriff," she said. "With these double-features, people keep coming in and going out all the time."



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"A double feature?" The Sheriff had a sudden inspiration. "What movie was on last?"

"A western . . . in technicolor." The Sheriff squinted his eyes, signs of deep thinking.

"Mind telling me a little about it?"

Sheriff Miller learned that the picture had featured a brown horse of exceptional intelligence and that much of the plot had revolved around this horse.

"And this was in color, right?" His informant nodded. "Maybe I'll drop around and see it—I sort of like horses."

Miller went back to his office and sat with his feet on his desk, fitting together what he knew, which was practically nothing, with what he suspected, which was plenty. He called in a deputy and told him to bring in Harvey Roush from the farm. Within half an hour, Roush was sitting unconcernedly across from the Sheriff.

"TELL ME, Roush," he said in a friendly tone, "you were at the movie Saturday night, weren't you?"

"I told you that twice, Sheriff," he said reprovingly.

"I know you did. What did you think of the movies?"

"They weren't bad."

"I understand that one featured a horse." Roush nodded. "As a horse breeder; what did you think of it?"

"You mean the horse or the movie?"

"The horse. Was it a good horse or did it look like it had lived in Hollywood too long?" He smiled thinly at his own joke.

"Oh, he was a good horse—smart too."

"What color was he?" the Sheriff asked innocently. Roush paused for a second.

"He was white." The Sheriff shook his head a little sadly.

"Roush," he said, "you weren't in that theatre Saturday night."

"I was too, ask my wife and kids."

"You just told me you weren't. You're an expert on horses, yet you tell me that horse was white. I happen to know he was brown and the picture was in technicolor."

The farmer's weatherbeaten face reddened only slightly. He leaned back nonchalantly in his chair and looked Miller right in the eye.

"Guess I'd better tell you the whole story," he said coolly. "I would have before, but I thought you might get to thinking I had something to do with poor Mr. and Mrs. Myers. But I didn't."

"Let's hear it."

"The truth is that when the wife and kids and I got to the theatre, it was so packed there wasn't room for us all to sit together. I got Virgie and the kids some seats up front but I had to wait around in the lobby until someone left. I got tired of doing nothing, so I slipped out and had me a few beers at a bar near the theatre."

"Is that the whole story?"

"Sure. I must have stayed out for the whole time the picture was on—you know how time flies in a bar. But I got back to the theatre before the wife and kids came out, then we went to the parking lot and drove home."

"Well, we'll have to hold you, Roush, until we can check your story. If it's

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"That's okay, Sheriff, I know you're just trying to solve the murders and I, for one, sure hope you do."

Roush gave the name of the bar and Miller sent a deputy over to check on the story. It turned out that Roush really had been at the bar, although the bartender couldn't say at what time. Before learning this, however, Miller had called long distance to Detective Howard G. Robinson at Newark, Ohio, two counties away. Robinson was the former head of the Ohio State Bureau of Identification at the London Prison Farm and had the nearest lie-detector in north central Ohio. Several of the deputies were of the opinion that Miller was wasting his time in holding Roush.

"Everything in his story checks, Sheriff," one of them said. "The parking lot attendant says he didn't get the car until 11:30, the bartender says he was there. Why, he'd have had to do some fast stepping to get out to the Myers, knock them off, and get back to the theatre, even if he had his car waiting outside the theatre. That would take some pretty coordinated timing and I don't think Roush is smart enough."

"You may be right," the Sheriff shrugged, "but I have to be shown."

AT 8:30 that evening, less than 24 hours after the crime had been committed, Detective Robinson arrived with his lie detector. He explained the principle of the machine and pointed out that it was an aid, rather than a dogmatic answer of guilty or not guilty.

"The lie detector is a good machine," Robinson told them, "but it doesn't work all the time. Take highly emotional people, they get so excited about everything that you even ask them their name and it comes out guilty. On the other hand, some people are such stones they don't register anything."

"But for the average person, it's pretty reliable isn't it?" Miller asked.

"Surprisingly accurate, Sheriff, but it's not evidence in itself."

"Well, let's see if the gadget works," Miller replied. He gave a sign and two men brought Harvey Roush into the room. Prosecutor Michel took over.

"We're giving you a chance to prove that your story is true, Roush," he said.

"This is a lie-detector, I guess you've heard of them?"

"Yeah," Roush said amiably, "but I never put much stock in them."

"I must tell you that you don't have to take the test except of your own free will. But I guess you're as anxious to set things straight as we are. Will you take it?"

"Why not? Glad to." The detective wrapped the various attachments around Roush and when he was ready, Prosecutor Michel began asking the suspect a series of questions. In a bored, disinterested voice he queried Roush about such trivial items as the weather, his health and last year's crops.

"Did you kill Homer Myers?" he suddenly asked in the same monotone.

"No," Roush answered in a steady, unwavering voice.

But the machine had said YES! The officers saw the indicator dance a jittery adagio, as though it had blown a tube or something. Roush saw it too. Suddenly his surface stolidity melted away. He leaped up and stared at the indicator dancing its accusation. He broke down and became hysterical.

"Take this damn thing off'n me," he shouted. "Take it off! Get it the hell out of here. I'll tell you what happened." Robinson quickly removed the apparatus and Miller took over. Roush soon got back his self-control and told his story in a calm voice.

Roush had not owed Myers a "small amount" as he had said, but a total of \$1,405, some of it in loans dating back several years. He had never quite been able to catch up, but Myers had been good enough to keep staking him when he got short.

It was this kindness of Myers' which had caused his death, because the debt had become an obsession with Roush. He hated to owe money but he couldn't seem to ever get enough ahead to pay off Myers. In his twisted mind it seemed that the only way he'd ever get out of debt was by killing Myers. He had showed remarkable cunning in his advance plotting of the deed. He had bought a .38 revolver two weeks before in West Marion, had kept a gallon of gasoline in his car, and had figured out what he thought was an iron-clad alibi.

From previous visits to the movies, he knew he could easily separate himself from

PHOTO CREDITS

This month's cover was painted for MEN by Simon Greco. The black and white photos in this issue are from the following sources: Page 6, Camera Clix; pages 11-13, John R. Hamilton-Globe Photos; page 14, UP; page 15, Wide World, UP; page 16, Kammerman-Pix, Inc.; page 17, Herbert Lanks-Black Star, Peter Beron; page 18, Wide World; page 19, Wide World, UP; page 20, Gothard; page 21, Author; pages 22-23, Gothard, Author; page 27, Ewing-Galloway; page 28-29, Author; pages 30-31, Pix, Inc.; page 32, Peter Beron; page 34, Kookogey-Black Star, UP; page 37, Wes Foree-Black Star; pages 38-39, Brown Brothers; page 40, INP; page 41, Ewing Krainin-Frédéric Lewis; page 42, Peter Basch; page 43, Andre De Dienes—Rapho-Guillumette.

his wife and children and that on Saturday, Marion was so jammed with people that there was little chance of his being recognized or remembered. He had clocked the driving time between the farm and Marion, knew exactly how long he could be gone.

Everything had gone so smoothly, it had surprised him. He had shaken his wife and seven kids, went to a bar for a couple of beers to stiffen his backbone, (this had given him the idea for the second story he had told the Sheriff) and he had managed to get his car out of the parking lot without being seen by the attendant.

Homer Myers had greeted him warmly, especially since Roush announced he had come to pay off the debt. The old man had gone to his desk, gotten Roush's note, and signed it *Paid in full*. A cautious man, Myers had suggested they go into the bedroom to exchange the cash, because someone might be looking in the window. Had he been a little more cautious and not have let Roush walk behind him, he might still be alive. Roush shot him as soon as they got through the door. Mrs. Myers heard the shot and came screaming.

"She was a bear cat," Roush said, shaking his head. "I shot her several times, but damn it, she just wouldn't go down. When she did fall, she kept yelling. I was afraid someone might hear the shots if I kept shooting, so I got the axe and gave her a few. That stopped her."

ROUGH had gotten the gasoline from the car, set fire to the house, and raced back to Marion. On the way, he threw the gas can in a ditch and the gun into a roadside pond.

He managed to get the car back into the parking lot without being noticed—he was lucky there both times. Then he hurried to the theatre, getting there just in time to meet his wife and kids after the show, and agree with them that it was a real fine movie. Neither his wife nor any of the seven kids realized that Daddy had been in the middle of more excitement than any 10 movies could offer. "Did you really smash the finger with the ladder?" Miller asked.

"Nope," Roush grinned. "I got it caught on the trigger guard while I was wrestling Mrs. Myers. You got a good eye, Sheriff."

It was an understatement. Sheriff Miller had been handed a double murder without any apparent motive or suspects and had tied the case up tight within 24 hours.

Two charges of first degree murder were brought against Roush. The trial was brief, but just, and Roush was found guilty. His "perfect alibi" had turned out to have more holes than a golf course because Sheriff Miller had refused to believe the obvious.

Shakespeare said it a long time ago—"neither a borrower nor a lender be." Maybe the old boy had something. Anyway, a man like Roush shouldn't get in debt, it bothered him too much until he paid it off. The State of Ohio helped him pay off his debt to society on April 26, 1939, when Roush increased the penitentiary's electric bill by the tiny amount needed for one sitting in the electric chair. Yes, Harvey Roush's last debt was paid—in full.



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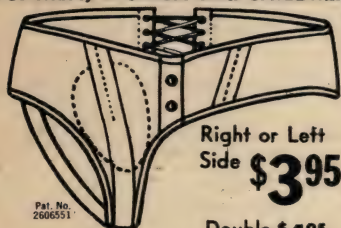
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FOOTNOTES ON RENO

To the Editor:

... Author Hull, ("The Raw Side of Reno," MEN, Oct.), knew just what he was looking for in Reno, and of course, he found it—just as he would find those same things in any city in the country, the difference in Reno being that gambling is policed and controlled. If he can't resist the one-armed bandits, that's his tough luck. We that live here seldom lose our money and neglect our families. About the only time we "hit the high spots" is when friends from out of state come and want to see the city.

Mr. Hull also neglected to mention that we have many places of cultural enjoyment in our city. Evidently he wasn't looking for these.

Mrs. R. F. Jesch
Reno, Nevada

To the Editor:

... I work as a shill in the Bank Club. We receive the magnificent sum of six dollars a day, before taxes, for eight hours work. We are not allowed to keep anything we may win using house money. And if we come up short of the chips originally given us to bet with, we are fired.

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Kathleen P. Jackson
Reno, Nevada

To the Editor:

... The United States would have more money than it would know what to do with if all states had legalized gambling, with a Federal tax on each machine or device. State governments would have money for the various charitable organizations; for the old, the blind, the handicapped; better schools, parks and hospitals. The Federal government would have a surplus of money

for the armed forces. Instead of 1/3 of our working money being paid in taxes, it could go to better homes and food.

Lyman E. Eddy
Sparks, Nevada

NOT HELENA, MONTANA

To the Editor:

We have just read Stephen Hull's article, "The Raw Side of Reno" in which he ranks Reno, Nevada, with Helena and Butte, Montana, as "burgs where anything goes." We would like to inform Mr. Hull, that the closest thing we have in Montana to "one-armed bandits" is pay telephones. We have lived in Montana all our lives and sincerely resent the comparison.

MEN Fans
Great Falls, Mont.

●● Mr. Hull has just finished an article on Helena, and after reading it, we can only assume that some "phone calls" have hit the "jackpot."

WANTED

To the Editor:

I have just read my first copy of MEN. It was, I'm afraid, an old copy, given me by a friend. I would like to say how much I enjoyed your magazine, from front to back cover, now I wish you could help me obtain further copies. In England we cannot get many American magazines, yours being one. You will know also that I cannot send money.

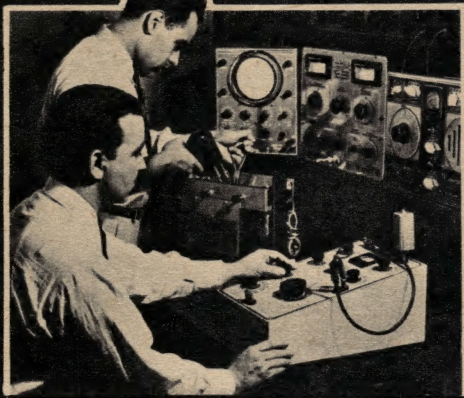
If you can help me to obtain MEN, I would indeed be grateful. If possible, could you find space in "Calling all Men" for this letter?

T. H. Greene, Jr.
Cheshire, England

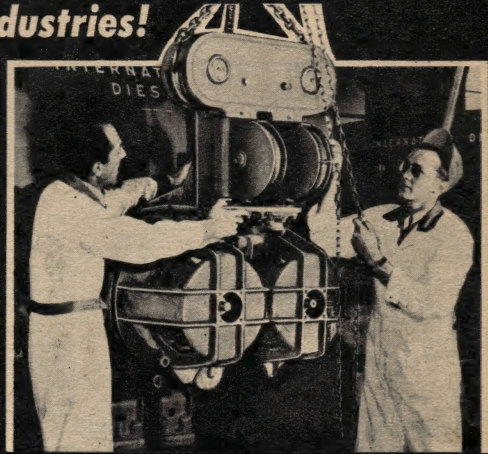
●● If any of our readers would like to share their copies of MEN with Mr. Greene, his address is: 109 Wallasey Rd., Wallasey, Cheshire, England.

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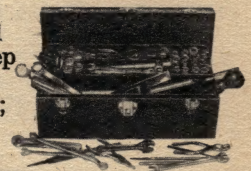
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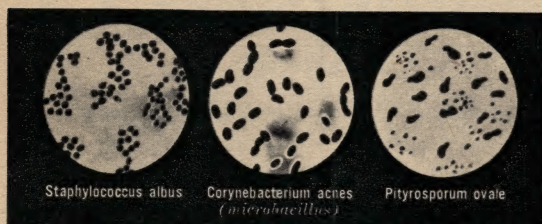


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*Report No. 6967, May 31, 1949

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A.R.—Belle Fourche, S. D.

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A.K.—Randolph Field, Texas

"My hair seems to be growing since I started using the treatment. People around here have noticed the recent results. I'll tell you it's wonderful."

Mrs. J.R.—Jacksonville, Texas

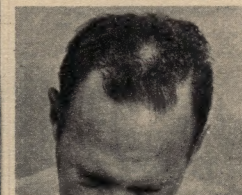
"I am sure delighted and really satisfied with the results. My dandruff and falling hair have stopped altogether."

J.T.—Stockton, Calif.

Washington, D. C. — New hope was offered to men and women suffering from the age-old problem of baldness, in recent testimony here by leading dermatologists.

Beware of these 5 danger signs

Neglect May Lead
to Baldness



1. Over-dryness of hair and scalp
2. Scalp itch
3. Hair loss
4. Dandruff or seborrhea
5. Excessive oiliness of hair and scalp

Most people lose a few hairs daily. This is no cause for alarm as they are immediately replaced by the normal, healthy scalp. However, when you see any or all of the danger signs listed above, it is often a warning of scalp infection and approaching baldness.

Grateful users of Sebacin Basic Formula write that a single treatment will often eliminate annoying symptoms. By keeping the scalp clear and free of germ infection, you give nature a chance to replace hair loss.

In revealing statements, it was disclosed that specific bacteria are invariably found in seborrhea and dandruff, and may be the cause of these scalp conditions which result in baldness! The dangerous scalp bacteria named were the staphylococcus albus, the microbacillus or corynebacterium acnes, and pityrosporum ovale.

In reply to direct questions, the medical authorities agreed that:

1. At least 50% of doctors and dermatologists experienced in treating hair and scalp disorders are convinced that seborrhea and dandruff are an important cause of baldness.
2. This baldness may be prevented if seborrhea and dandruff are controlled.
3. The bacteria staphylococcus albus, the microbacillus or corynebacterium acnes, and pityrosporum ovale are invariably found when seborrhea is present and are considered to be its cause.
4. An antiseptic containing b-hydroxynaphtholene, sodium phenosulphonate, cinnamic acid and other specialized drugs can and will kill these germs.

This impressive testimony by competent medical doctors now made public for the first time, offers renewed hope for the treatment of sick scalps and the prevention of baldness.

Absolutely Nothing Known to Medical Science Can Do More To Save Your Hair!

At last offered to YOU is a revolutionary formula series based on the most recent medical knowledge of hair and scalp problems.

It's great news for those who are impatiently waiting for a treatment to help eliminate dandruff and seborrhea, scalp itch, dry hair, and to stop the hair loss they cause.

Read the facts on this page, the medical testimony, the laboratory report on how Sebacin kills



the hair destroyers—the microbacillus, the pityrosporum ovale, the staphylococcus albus — on contact! Read what grate-

ful users from all over the United States write about the Sebacin treatment.

Then study our guarantee. You are the only judge. Remember the Sebacin home treatment must accomplish for you what it has for all the others—or the full cost of the treatment—every nickel—will be returned to you.

Maybe you're among those who have tried every kind of hair preparation until now with no success. Maybe you are skeptical as to whether Sebacin is the preparation you have been waiting for.

Either way, don't delay! You have everything to gain—at no risk. We can state without reservation that NOTHING—ABSOLUTELY NOTHING KNOWN TO MEDICAL SCIENCE CAN DO MORE TO SAVE YOUR HAIR!

Delay may cost you your hair! Fill out the coupon and mail today.

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BALDNESS WON'T WAIT! ACT NOW!

SEBACIN INC., EMPIRE THEATRE BLDG., NEW YORK 18, N. Y.

Please send at once the complete Sebacin hair and scalp treatment (60 days' supply) in plain wrapper. I must be completely satisfied with the results of the treatment, or you GUARANTEE full and immediate refund upon return of unused portion of treatment.

- ☐ Enclosed find \$10. (Cash, check, money order). Send postpaid.
☐ Send COD. I will pay postman \$10.00 plus postage charges.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... Zone..... State.....

APO, FPO, Canada & Foreign — no C.O.D.

7601-S

MAIL NO-RISK COUPON TODAY!

Guarantee

The Sebacin formula series is warranted to be made of U.S.P. standard ingredients, compounded under rigid scientific conditions. The Sebacin treatment must result in marked improvement to your hair and scalp, or we guarantee full and immediate refund upon return of unused portion of treatment.

Sebacin Inc.

(Clinical samples of Sebacin formulae are available without charge to medical doctors, clinics and hospitals upon request.)

Reducing Specialist Says:
LOSE WEIGHT

Where
It
Shows
Most

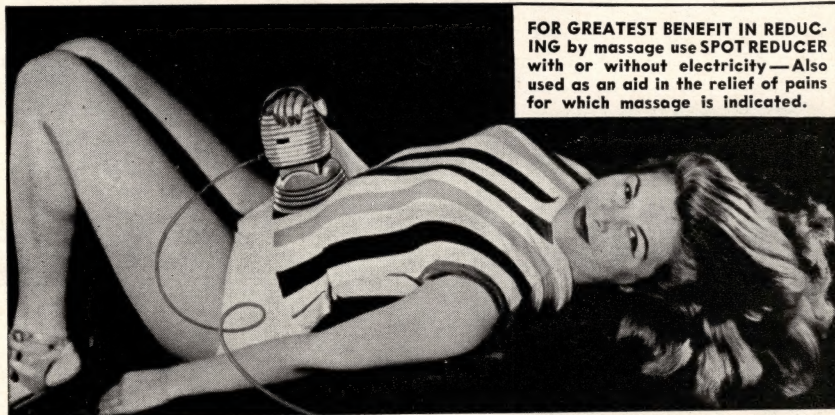
REDUCE

MOST ANY
PART OF
THE
BODY WITH



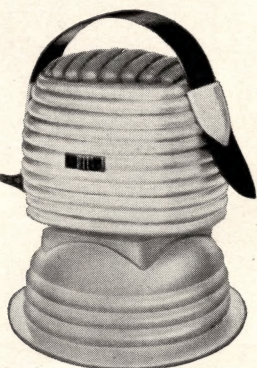
Spot Reducer

Relaxing • Soothing
Penetrating Massage



FOR GREATEST BENEFIT IN REDUCING by massage use SPOT REDUCER with or without electricity—Also used as an aid in the relief of pains for which massage is indicated.

**ELECTRIC
Spot
Reducer**



Take pounds off—keep slim and trim with Spot Reducer! Remarkable new invention which uses one of the most effective reducing methods employed by masseurs and Turkish baths—MASSAGE!

PLUG IN
GRASP
HANDLE
AND
APPLY

TAKE OFF EXCESS WEIGHT!

**Don't Stay FAT—You Can LOSE
POUNDS and INCHES SAFELY**

Without Risking
HEALTH

LIKE a magic wand, the "Spot Reducer" obeys your every wish. Most any part of your body where it is loose and flabby, wherever you have extra weight and inches, the "Spot Reducer" can aid you in acquiring a youthful, slender and graceful figure. The beauty of this scientifically designed Reducer is that the method is so simple and easy, the results quick, sure and harmless. No exercises or strict diets. No steambaths, drugs or laxatives.

With the SPOT REDUCER you can now enjoy the benefits of RELAXING, SOOTHING massage in the privacy of your own home! Simple to use—just plug in, grasp handle and apply over most any part of the body—stomach, hips, chest, neck, thighs, arms, buttocks, etc. The relaxing, soothing massage breaks down FATTY TISSUES, tones muscles and flesh, and the increased awakened blood circulation carries away waste fat—helps you regain and keep a firmer and more GRACEFUL FIGURE!

YOUR OWN PRIVATE MASSEUR AT HOME

When you use the Spot Reducer, it's almost like having your own private masseur at home. It's fun reducing this way! It not only helps you reduce and keep slim—but also aids in the relief of those types of aches and pains—and tired nerves that can be helped by massage! The Spot Reducer is handsomely made of light weight aluminum and rubber and truly a beautiful invention you will be thankful you own. AC 110 volts. Underwriters Laboratory approved.

MAIL THIS 10 DAY FREE TRIAL COUPON NOW!

TRY THE SPOT REDUCER 10 DAYS FREE IN YOUR OWN HOME!

Mail this coupon with only \$1 for your Spot Reducer on approval. Pay postman \$8.95 plus delivery—or send \$9.95 (full price) and we ship postage prepaid. Use it for ten days in your own home. Then if not delighted return Spot Reducer for full purchase price refund. Don't delay! You have nothing to lose—except ugly, embarrassing, undesirable pounds of FAT. MAIL COUPON now!

ALSO USE IT FOR ACES AND PAINS



CAN'T SLEEP:

Relax with electric Spot Reducer. See how soothing its gentle massage can be. Helps you sleep when massage can be of benefit.



MUSCULAR ACES:

A handy helper for transient relief of discomforts that can be aided by gentle, relaxing massage.

**LOSE WEIGHT
OR NO CHARGE
USED BY EXPERTS**

Thousands have lost weight this way—in hips, abdomen, legs, arms, neck, buttocks, etc. The same method used by stage, screen and radio personalities and leading reducing salons. The Spot Reducer can be used in your spare time, in the privacy of your own room.

ORDER IT TODAY!

SENT ON APPROVAL—MAIL COUPON NOW!

SPOT REDUCER CO., Dept. B-269
318 Market St., Newark, New Jersey

Please send me the Standard Model SPOT REDUCER for 10 days trial period. I enclose \$1.00, upon arrival I will pay postman only \$8.95 plus postage and handling. If not delighted I may return SPOT REDUCER within 10 days for prompt refund of full purchase price.

☐ I enclose \$12.95. Send DeLuxe Model, postage prepaid.

Name

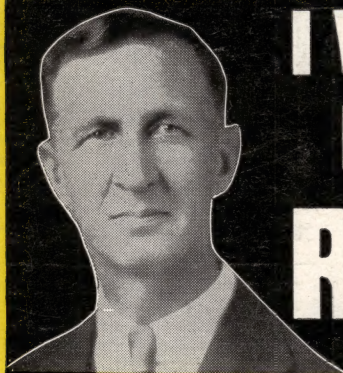
Address

City State

☐ **SAVE POSTAGE**—check here if you enclose \$12.95 for DeLuxe Model. We pay all postage and handling charges. Same money back guarantee applies.

☐ I enclose \$9.95. Send Standard Model.

LOSE WEIGHT OR NO CHARGE



I WILL TRAIN YOU AT HOME FOR GOOD PAY JOBS IN RADIO-TELEVISION

J. E. SMITH has trained more men for
Radio-Television than any other man.

America's Fast Growing Industry Offers You

**2 FREE BOOKS
SHOW HOW
MAIL COUPON**

I TRAINED THESE MEN



LOST JOB, NOW HAS OWN SHOP
"Got laid off my machine shop job which I believe was best thing ever happened as I opened a full time Radio Shop. Business is picking up every week."—E. T. Slate, Corsicana, Texas.

GOOD JOB WITH STATION

"I am Broadcast Engineer at WLPN. Another technician and I have opened a Radio-TV service shop in our spare time. Big TV sales here . . . more work than we can handle."—J. H. Bangley, Suffolk, Va.



\$10 TO \$15 WEEK SPARE TIME

"Four months after enrolling for NRI course, was able to service Radios . . . averaged \$10 to \$15 a week spare time. Now have full time Radio and Television business."—William Weyde, Brooklyn, New York.

SWITCHED TO TV SERVICING

"I recently switched over from studio work and am now holding a position as service technician. I am still with RCA, enjoying my work more and more every day."—N. Ward, Ridgefield, N. J.



WANT YOUR OWN BUSINESS?

Let me show you how you can be your own boss. Many NRI trained men start their own business with capital earned in spare time. Robert Dohmen, New Prague, Minn., whose store is shown at left, says,



"Am now tied in with two Television outfits and do warranty work for dealers. Often fall back to NRI textbooks for information."

1. EXTRA MONEY IN SPARE TIME

Many students make \$5, \$10 a week and more EXTRA fixing neighbors' Radios in spare time while learning. The day you enroll I start sending you SPECIAL BOOKLETS that show you how. Tester you build with kits I send helps you make extra money servicing sets, gives practical experience on circuits common to Radio and Television. All equipment is yours to keep.

2. GOOD PAY JOB

NRI Courses lead to these and many other jobs: Radio and TV service, P.A., Auto Radio, Lab, Factory, and Electronic Controls Technicians, Radio and TV Broadcasting, Police, Ship and Airways Operators and Technicians. Opportunities are increasing. The United States has over 105 million Radios—over 2,900 Broadcasting Stations—more expansion is on the way.

3. BRIGHT FUTURE

Think of the opportunities in Television. Over 15,000,000 TV sets are now in use; 108 TV stations are operating and 1800 new TV stations have been authorized . . . many of them expected to be in operation in 1953. This means more jobs—good pay jobs with bright futures. More operators, installation service technicians will be needed. Now is the time to get ready for a successful future in TV! Find out what Radio and TV offer you.

You Learn Servicing or Communications by Practicing With Kits I Send

Keep your job while training at home. Hundreds I've trained are successful RADIO-TELEVISION Technicians. Most had no previous experience; many no more than grammar school education. Learn Radio-Television principles from illustrated lessons. You also get PRACTICAL EXPERIENCE. Pictured at left are just a few of the pieces of equipment you build with kits of parts I send. You experiment with, learn circuits common to Radio and Television.

Mail Coupon—find out what RADIO-TELEVISION Can Do for You

Act Now! Send for my FREE DOUBLE OFFER. Coupon entitles you to actual Servicing Lesson; shows how you learn at home. You'll also receive my 64-page book, "How to Be a Success in Radio-Television." Send coupon in envelope or paste on postal. J. E. SMITH, Pres., Dept. 3AGI, National Radio Institute, Washington 9, D. C. Our 39th Year.

Television Is Today's Good Job Maker

TV now reaches from coast-to-coast. Qualify for a good job as a service technician or operator. My course includes many lessons on TV. You get practical experience . . . work on circuits common to both Radio and Television with my kits. Now is the time to get ready for success in Television!

This Is Just Some of
the Equipment My
Students Build. All
Parts Yours to Keep.

Good for Both—FREE

Mr. J. E. Smith, President, Dept. 3AGI
National Radio Institute, Washington 9, D. C.

Mail me Sample Lesson and 64-page Book, "How to Be a Success in Radio-Television." Both FREE. (No salesman will call. Please write plainly.)

Name.....Age.....

Address.....

City.....Zone.....State.....

Approved under G.I. Bill

The ABC's of
SERVICING

How to Be a
Success
in RADIO-
TELEVISION